



PATHWAYS
AND
OTHER POEMS.

M. WINCHESTER ADAMS.

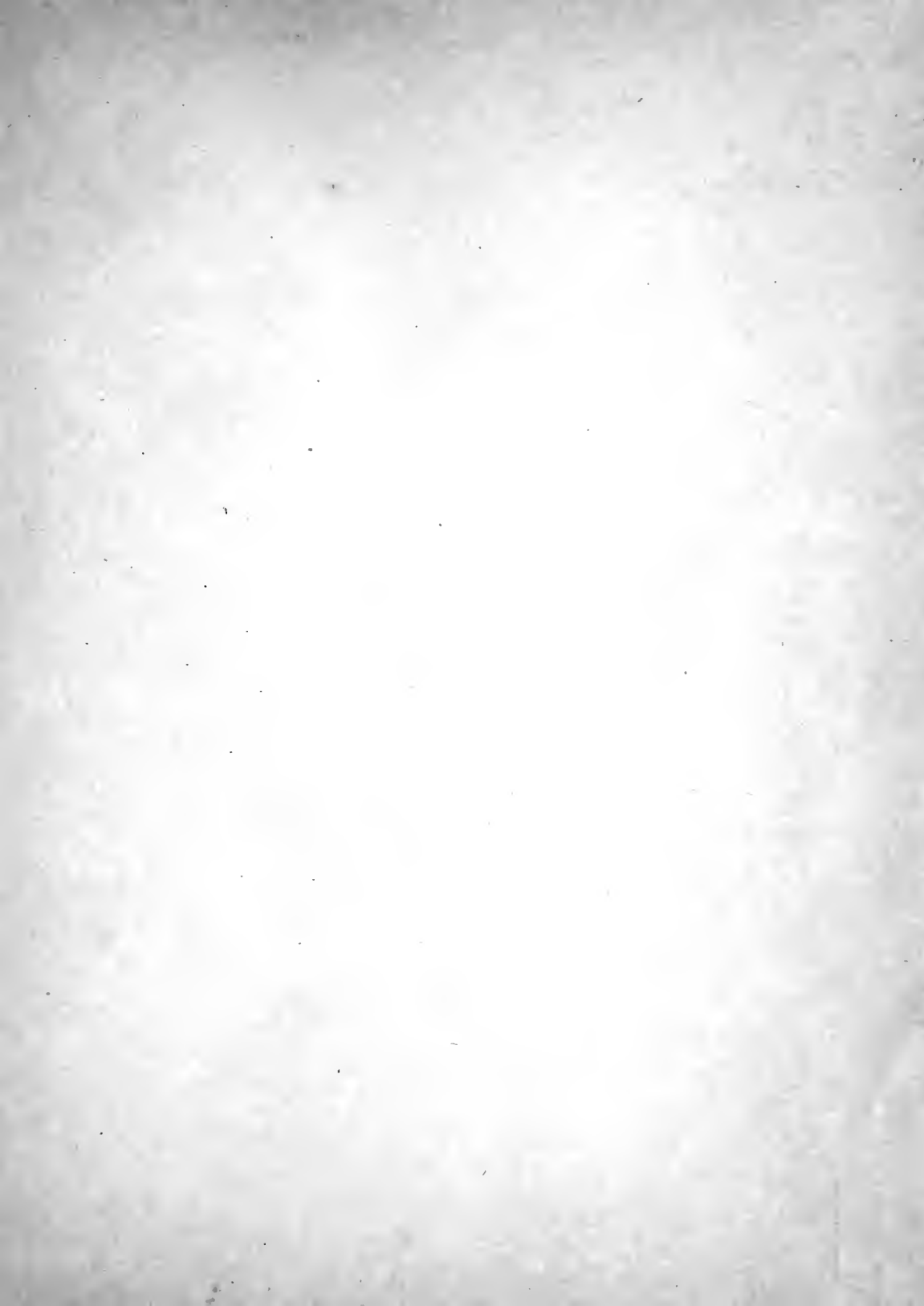


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PATHWAYS,
AND OTHER POEMS.



*Yours sincerely,
M. Winchester Adams.*

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FRANCIS W. ORVIS,
PUBLISHER.

BY
M. WINCHESTER ADAMS,
Author "Polly," and other Poems.

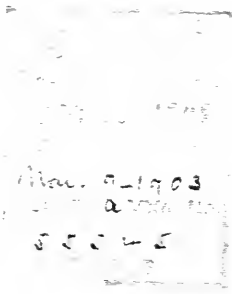
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M. Winchester Adams.

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C. J. H. Jan. 10 '30

TO MY MOTHER.

If a good deed hath been mine
It is due her love divine;
And the best my pen hath sung
From the love she gave hath sprung.
Praise too great I cannot give
For her goodness while I live;
All I am, or e'er shall be,
Here, or through eternity
That is good, to her I owe,
Though she doth not think 'tis so.
God personified to me
On earth, a mother's love would be.

CHRISTMAS CHEER.

With holly, fragrant hemlock boughs,
And glossy leaves of bay,
And tiny sprigs of mistletoe,
We decorate to-day
Our homes, in sweet remembrance
Of the little Christ-Child's birth,
Who brought with Him the message
Of "peace, good will on earth."

With messages and kindly thoughts,
From old friends and from new,
The walls and corners of our hearts
We decorate these, too.
And here we add sweet rosemary
For the loved ones o'er the way,
Beyond the vale, who in God's light,
Help keep our Christmas Day.

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PATHWAYS AND OTHER POEMS.

PATHWAYS.

“In the way of righteousness is life; and in the pathway thereof there is no death,”—Proverbs xii. 28.

Silver streamlet in the valley
Pressing onward to the sea,
Here in silence, there o'er cascade,
Like a child, light-hearted, free;
Happy pathway of the spring,
To the ocean hurrying.

Beaten paths across the hillside
Traversed daily year by year,
Not a stone but marks the nearing
Of a home some one holds dear;
Firm, hard pathways filled with thought
And the dreams each trav'ler wrought.

PATHWAYS.

Heavy shadows hanging o'er us,
Tangled brambles 'neath our feet,
Not a reaching hand to help us,
Not a word to make life sweet;
Sad-heart pathways, rough and steep,
Where to keep the way, we creep.

Cheerful words our souls uplifting,
Easing sorrows hard to bear,
Till again we look up hopeful
Through some loved one's patient care;
Broadening pathways from the night,
Leading outward to the light.

Loving hearts and sweet communion,
Daily converse filled with cheer,
Not a cloud on the horizon,
Just a sky all blue and clear;
Pleasant pathways where to be
Fills the soul with melody.


Knowledge stored away since childhood
Varied as the changing rill,
Logic, reason, fact and fancy,
Which are ours to use at will;
Wondrous pathways of the mind,
Where we untold treasures find.



“Happy pathway of the spring,
To the ocean hurrying.”

PATHWAYS.

Ev'ry word that cheers another ;
 Ev'ry little kindly deed ;
Ev'ry good thought brought to action,
 Is a living Christ-like creed.
Helpful pathways by the way,
That lead on to perfect day.

Faithfulness in line of duty,
 Holiness of life and thought,
Bettering the world for others,
 Are the pathways to be sought ;
And who follow these 'tis saith 
Shall have endless life, not death.

DON'T DESPAIR.

If the world seems upside down,
 Don't you care ;
Force of gravity keeps us on
 Through the air :
Old world has to turn they say
On its axis every day,
Down we cannot always stay,
 Don't despair.

If the clouds hang thick and black,
 Don't you know,
'Tis the trials we surmount
 Make us grow ?
Laugh a bit, the clouds will shift,
Pray a bit and they will lift,
Lo ! behold the longed for gift,
 Bright will glow.

Don't give up though fortune frown,
 Work and wait,
To the faithful all things come,
 E'en though late.
For the sunshine that we lend
To humanity, God will send
In our need, a needed friend,
 Sure as fate.

CASTLE BUILDING.

What becomes of all the castles
That we build from day to day?
Do they stand in all their beauty
In some country far away?

Shall we find the tiny cottage
With its keepings all so plain,
That we built when first we ventured
In that castle-land of Spain?

Do we not recall the pleasure
As we furnished each wee room?
Oh, the sweet air from the garden
When the lilacs were in bloom!

And the dear, loved friends who often
Came to share our simple fare,
In the structures since we've builded,
Only one or two are there.

All the rest have journeyed onward
To a brighter land than Spain;
To the house of many mansions
Where the heart shall know no pain.

CASTLE BUILDING.

Yet, we go on building castles
That we think are very fair ;
What if they are never dwelt in,
And are frail and light as air.

Build away. Who knows but somewhere
For us in the Better Land,
Angels build our home eternal
From some castle we have planned.

THE PANSIES OF CITY HALL PARK.

Golden and purple and white and mixed,
Glowing and growing in lowly beds,
While "think of me," "think of me," softly saying,
The pansies lift up their heads.
Lift up their heads in the bright sunshine,
Hold up their heads when the day looks dark,
And every day in their own sweet way,
Smile the pansies of City Hall Park.

Youthful and aged and rich and poor,
Sadly or gladly the throng goes by;
While thoughtfully, thoughtfully nodding, swaying,
To help them the pansies try;
Over the railing, a wee child leaning,
Holds up a finger and whispers, "Hark!"
And into its face with a dainty grace,
Smile the pansies of City Hall Park.

Golden and purple and white and mixed,
Teaching and preaching to great and small,
That, "cheerfulness, cheerfulness, comfort giveth,"
The pansies greet one and all.
The poor man sad and the rich man weary,
Take courage although the way is dark,
And thank the dear God, for the helpful nod,
Of the pansies of City Hall Park.

BELIEVE WE CHRIST HATH RISEN.

Believe we Christ hath risen
When we from day to day
Remember not His teachings
And precepts to obey?
When toward the weak and erring
We lack in charity,
The Christ we fain would follow
Is dead to you and me.

Believe we Christ hath risen
When we keep useless creeds?
The creed Christ's living gave us
Was to "do kindly deeds,"
If we fulfill this lesson,
He lives for us to-day;
If we forget its meaning
We bury Christ for aye.

Believe we Christ hath risen?
Then let our living show
In actions, not in phrases,
That Christ we really know.
Then each day as it enters
Will be an Easter morn;
And each day as it passes
Will prove that Christ was born.

WHEN THE LILACS BLOOM.

When the lilacs are in bloom,
And their sweetness fills the room,
Then it is one dear loved face
Comes and fills the old-time place.
You but see the lilacs there,
Fluffy plumes swayed by the air,
But I feel the presence near
Of the friend, who many a year
Tended them with love and care,
Till they seemed each spring more fair.

May time comes, the lilacs bloom,
And their sweetness fills the room,
But the friend who loved them so
In the days of long ago,
Wanders now in realms of light,
Where no sorrow comes nor night,
And the lilacs by the door
Seem to talk of days of yore,
And their sweetness gives me heart
To do better here my part.

WHEN THE LILACS BLOOM.

Sometime when the lilacs bloom
And their sweetness fills the room,
When all Nature seemeth glad,
And not one heart should be sad,
When the lilacs nod and sway
On some perfect day in May,
Might I choose, that time would be
The dawn of my eternity;
On some day when lilacs bloom,
And their sweetness fills the room.



WAITING.

WAITING.

Waiting in the morning, with a hope that's
dimmed at eve,

Waiting in the evening for the morrow but to
grieve,

And so the days they die :

Spring-time passes, roses bloom,
Autumn comes, then winter's gloom,

And thus the years go by

And ne'er return.

While waiting for some crowning gift,

Upon the sea of life we drift,

Past many a port perhaps as fair

As those we've fashioned in the air ;

And, whether love, ambition, gold,

Upon our nature makes strong hold,

Each day of waiting's filled with pain,

And few the summit's height e'er gain

At last we learn.

Some work while waiting, others sigh,

Some laugh,—and they the world defy,—

Yet realization seems to fly

As all pursue.

What, then, the lesson that life's waiting brings,

From steep rough paths, heart sorrowings?

To conquer self, to live outside

WAITING.

The very bodies where our souls abide ;
Towards those who err to gentler grow ;
To take of life, as on we go,

A broader view.

Then, though the gift we strove to gain
That years we waited for in vain,

We lose at last,

Yet He whose wisdom sees the end
To us some better gift will send
To round our lives, make them complete,
As roses make some dark day sweet

When grief is past.

Ah ! happy we—if not too blind
This greater blessing here to find
To comfort us—and when, some day,
We see the wisdom of His way

Doth compensate

For every trial and moment sad,
Ah ! then we'll say that we are glad

He made us wait.

IF WE FORGET.

I know not in what other life,
Or plane of living first we met,
What matter's it, such minor things,
If we forget !

The times, the manners, losses, gains,
Through all the ages, what are they
But trivial things to mark each stage
Along the way !

These we forget. They have no place
In each new stage through which we pass,
We leave them for the better things
Of the next class.

I only hold the spirit knows
A kindred spirit through all time ;
In every stage we find our own,
In each new clime.

It may be early in our youth,
Or not till half our life has passed,
But still the loved of other climes
We'll find at last.

IF WE FORGET.

And thus it is this time we've met
 Along the sunny western slope;
Though youth and roses both have fled
 We've faith and hope.

The spirit lives, will always live,
 And we shall meet, as we have met,
The clime, the age, what matter's it
 If we forget!

THE BELL OF HERTZOG HALL.

'Tis the hour of evening service,
List the bell of Hertzog Hall!
It is pealing forth its message,
To the students one and all.

"Come and join us in devotion,
Glory to the King of kings,
Peace on earth, good will to all men,"
From the tower of Hertzog rings.

As its cadence sweetly falleth,
As the last tones die away,
From the past, I like to fancy,
At the close of every day

Come to earth again the kindred,
Of the giver of the bell,
Giving help to faint and weary,
Needful help, none know so well

THE BELL OF HERTZOG HALL.

As the ones who do His bidding,
Minist'ring with unseen hands,
Giving just the strength that's needed,
As the all-wise King commands.

At the hour of evening service,
List the bell of Hertzog Hall,
It is pealing forth Christ's message,
"Peace on earth, good will to all."

A TRIBUTE.

Written after seeing the bronze bust of the late Dr. Abraham Coles,
in Washington Park, Newark, N. J.

With thankfulness for the sweet hymns
To comfort "all the days,"
And admiration in our hearts,
Upon his face we gaze.
He is not dead,—no one is dead—
Whose voice speaks through all time,
In adoration, faith and love,
In ev'ry clime.

The little children whom he loved
Stop oft to read the song,
"The Rock of Ages," wondrous words,
So true and grand and strong.
It gives the weary pilgrim strength,
"God's mercy standeth fast,"
His promises "from age to age,"
For aye shall last.

A TRIBUTE.

“Ever with Thee,” what perfect faith
Abounds throughout the hymn;
No more of sorrow, night or fear,
Or tears the eye to dim.
’Twill comfort many, long years hence—
Whose lives have shadows gray—
And they will breathe a prayer of thanks,
As I to-day.

KEEPSAKES.

How much for them all did you say you would give?

Not a dime! Why, the memories they hold
Could I weigh them in scales could never be bought
For ten times their weight in pure gold!

These two or three lines mean nothing to you,
But my life would be darker to-day
Had they never been written, so think you I could
Throw that wee bit of paper away?

That book stained by age my mother read last—
'Tis a treasure no money can buy—
This ring was a brother's, who entered the fight
Of the North, at Bull Run, but to die.

These few faded leaves were sent by a friend,
And have traveled just half 'round the globe,
This little Scotch rose was worn by my lass
At the waist of her silken plaid robe.

That letter, those trinkets, these marbles so blue,
This doll without hands—without feet—
Bring back to my heart the years that have passed,
And each one has its memory sweet.

KEEPSAKES.

“Inanimate friends,” some one called them one day
Connecting the present and past,
Would I part with them? No! but burn them for me
When my eyes have been closed for the last.

AT THE NEWARK PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Books on literature and science,
The languages and arts;
Sociology, biography,
To culture minds and gladden hearts;
At the Library you'll find these,
Standing row on row,
Plainly bound or bound for show.

Books of history and description,
Travel, humor, fiction;
There's religion and philosophy,
To digest without restriction;
At the Library you'll find these,
Standing row on row,
Each one numbered so and so.

There are general works for reference,
If at such you wish to look;
I re-catalogued the volumes,
While I waited for a book.
Books of pleasure, sorrow, study,
Standing row on row,
Some all worth and some all show.

AT THE NEWARK PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Then I watched the people round me,
Richly dressed and poorly clad;
Some a study deep and earnest,
Some all sunshine, some so sad,
Till I thought how like the volumes,
Standing row on row,
Are the people that we know.

In and out these living volumes
Circulate from year to year;
Till at last the Great Librarian
Calls them, and they disappear.
At His Library we'll find them,
Through His love and care,
Each re-bound and each one there.

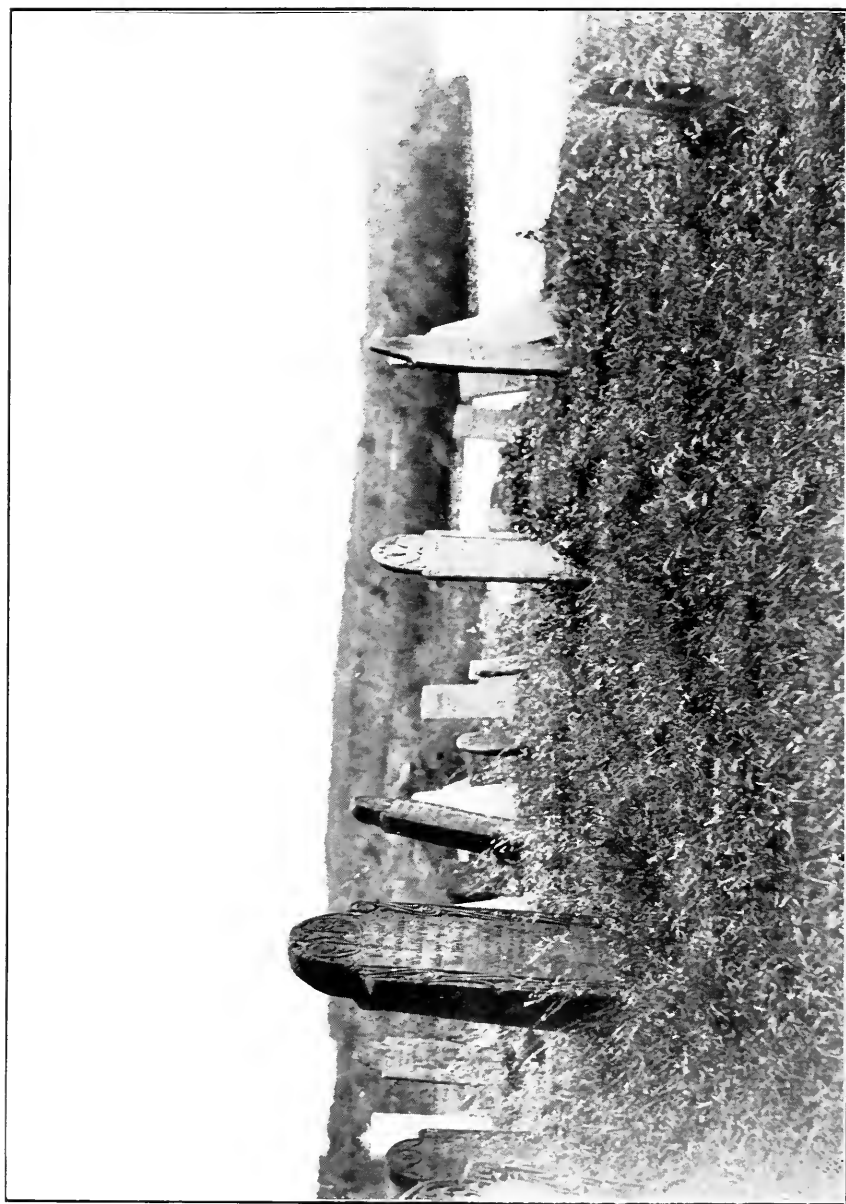
“MILESTONES.”

Some say that birthdays milestones are,
That on Life's journey mark how far
We travel, not how old we grow,
The heart alone the age can show.
If that is closed to words of cheer,
To charity for the erring here,
To kindly acts, to smiles and tears,
Then are we old though few our years,
But if awake to all of these,
We journey o'er Life's troubled seas,
Then are we young, though three score ten
Our years, as numbered here by men.
Some milestones mark a darksome road,
We forward press with heavy load;
And others note a pleasant mile,
Where we would tarry for awhile.
So, may the one to-day you meet,
Itself in pleasant paths repeat,
With friends to comfort moments sad,
Not envious if your heart is glad.
Till, in that land where night and day
And years and hours have passed away,
You find some long unanswered dream
That made some milestone darker seem,
Recorded by the Master's hand,
As marking here a "Milestone grand."

WORDS.

I've read somewhere that words once spoken
Go ringing on to the end of time ;
And I wonder if, when Life's spell is broken,
We'll find on some shore in an unknown clime,
All the words we've said, both cross and pleasant,
Like shells strewn here on a sandy beach,
And whether we'll gather the pleasant for keeping,
And the cross broken ones throw far from our reach.

And I wonder if we'll list to the singing
Of these shell words we'll find on that shore,
As oft in our childhood we did to the ringing
Of some beautiful shell with its wonderful roar.
If we do, how we'll wish we had made them all pleasant
If each word we speak forever shall ring,
For then all the air would be filled with sweet music
And naught to our hearts a discord could bring.



“Looking southward to the lake.”

IN THE OLD BURYING GROUND, WALES,
MASS.

As to-day I wandered musing,
Stopping here and there to read,
Came the thought, who were these people,
What their lives and what their creed?
Joy they knew, and also sorrow,
Had their enemies and friends ;
But at last have gained the haven
Where the new life never ends.

In the sunlight of the morning,
Or when day draws to a close ;
When all Nature's singing gladly,
Or is seeking night's repose ;
In the beauty of the summer,
Or in winter drear and chill ;
Naught disturbs their quiet slumber,
Peace ! they're sleeping on the hill.

IN THE OLD BURYING GROUND, WALES, MASS.

There were headstones white and simple ;
Here one, old, moss covered, brown,
Marked the grave of the first settler
In this pretty mountain town.
O'er the mounds unmarked by marble
I, a stranger, bowed my head ;
Though perhaps almost forgotten
They were once some loved one's dead.

As I turned away in silence,
Looking southward to the lake,
Listening to the gentle music,
On the shore—the wavelets make—
Peace, I thought, past all our knowing,
Reigns upon this little hill,
And the waves' soft whispered murmur
Calmed my thoughts with, "Peace be still."

MY INSPIRATION.

I have listened to sweet music
Till it made my pulses thrill;
I have listened to grand anthems
Till with tears my eyes would fill;
But the sweetest, grandest music
Is my mother's voice to me,
As it blesses, so it comforts,
And it soothes me constantly.

I have looked at wondrous paintings
That have given an artist fame;
I have bowed before the genius
That has helped to make his name;
But a greater inspiration
Is my mother's face to me,
With its look of love so tender,
It uplifts me constantly.

COLORADO.

Far toward the land of setting sun
Bright Colorado lies ;
Beneath its skies fair valleys rest,
And snow-capped mountains rise.
There heaven a little nearer seems,
Life has a broader view ;
The air breathes forth its challenge,
"To noble thoughts be true."

That "Color-land," 'tis said, doth hold
O'er one a wondrous spell ;
If he perchance, e'en a short time,
Within its borders dwell.
For, ever after though he roam,
No clime can e'er suffice
Like that, to represent to him
God's earthly paradise.

TWO SEASONS.

It was Summer, to the mountains
He had gone to spend a week ;
And he saw no harm in flirting
With the farmer's daughter meek.
Said he, half aloud, one morning,
"It will help the time to pass,
I don't love her, but love-making
Can but please a country lass."

So he did his best at wooing,
Praised her voice and hair and eyes,
Turned her music, said sweet nothings
As they gazed at sunset skies ;
Thus employed he passed the hours
Till at last the week was o'er ;
Then he hastened to the city,
Of the maiden thought no more.

It was Winter, three years later,
At an evening party bright,
To a lady in the city
He was introduced one night.
She was wealthy, much admired,
Had a voice superbly fine,
Said he to himself, "I love her,
And some day she shall be mine."

TWO SEASONS.

So he wooed the city lady
And proposed to her one day ;
She refused him, thus replying,
 “You can’t mean a word you say.
Once before you played the lover
 Just to help the time to pass.
You were then the farmer’s boarder
 I was then the country lass.”

A SELF EVIDENT TRUTH.

If you are down at the foot of Life's hill
And start out the hill to climb,
Don't look to your neighbor to give you a lift,
You'll find he hasn't the time
If he is above you, to give you a hand,
It isn't the way your neighbor is planned,
For, you might get above in the end,
So remember this axiom, friend:
If you would succeed, you must climb for yourself,
Though the way be rough and steep;
A laugh and a song will help you along
O'er the spots where you have to creep.

If you are up near the top of Life's hill
And by accident slip and fall,
Don't look to your neighbor to lessen your speed,
To him you are only a ball.
To watch you go down, oh, the sport is fine!
There are plenty to help all along the line,
And they'll stop when you get to the end,
So remember this axiom, friend:
If you'd check your speed, you must do it yourself.
Look up, not down the steep hill,
A laugh and a song, will make your heart strong
To go at it again with a will.

TWENTY-TWO.

Where has strayed the little lassie
Whom we knew long years ago?
Can anybody tell us,
For we really wish to know?
She had eyes of blue the deepest,
She had sunny, golden hair,
Ah, here comes a stately maiden,
We will ask if she knows where?
Then we speak and ask the maiden,
And she says her answer's true,
That she is that little lassie;
Can it be, and twenty-two?

Then we ask where is the school girl,
With her laughing, romping ways,
Whose eyes were like the lassie's,
Whom we knew in other days.
We have lost her as completely
As we lost, so long ago,
That darling little lassie,
Tell us, maiden, do you know
Where to look to-day to find her?
The maiden says her answer's true,
That she is that happy school girl;
Can it be, and twenty-two?



“Nay, we half begin to doubt it,
When the maiden at us looks.”

TWENTY-TWO.

Do we wish to find the lassie,
Or the school girl with her books?
Nay, we half begin to doubt it,
When the maiden at us looks
With the blue eyes of the lassie
And the school girl's happy smile,
We are satisfied to keep her,
Just this way a little while.
And we pray that God protect her,
Keep her just as brave and true;
Till the close of this life's journey
As she is at twenty-two.

DON'T FROWN.

Don't frown and say your life's all sorrow,
Because a cloud flits through your sky:
Just keep a pleasant, sunny face,
And soon you cannot even trace
Where the wee cloud passed by.

Don't frown and say your life is dreary,
Because you work from day to day;
Work is a blessing in disguise,
So work and laugh if you are wise,
And keep real care away.

Don't frown and say your life's a failure
Because some fancied height's not gained;
'Tis better on the plains to stay,
And have a life both dull and gray,
Than let the soul be stained.

Don't frown, the world cares not for frowning,
But sunshine's wanted everywhere;
So, always keep it in your face,
Distribute it in every place,
And make the world more fair.

THE PARROT.

Once I sat me, half reclining, sometimes musing, sometimes pining,

Over manuscript declined by publishers, a score of times or more,

In my hand a glass of claret, by my side my noisy parrot,

Screeching always "garret, garret," word I'd taught him long before,

"Stop your screeching," I commanded, as I'd often done before,

Quoth the parrot, "Nevermore."

"Parrot," said I, "cease your screaming, let me once more, idly dreaming,

Fancy I have power to picture something never thought before."

Then my claret drank I, slowly, while the bird kept talking lowly,

Words with meaning aught but holy, which he'd heard in days of yore,

About manuscripts rejected, which he'd heard in days of yore,

Just those words and nothing more.

THE PARROT.

And the parrot always talking, still is walking, still is
walking,
Up and down his cage of iron, hanging by my study
door,
And his manner's oft dejected, for he's frequently neglected,
But he never says "rejected" since I flung him on the
floor,
Manuscripts he never mentions, since I flung him on the
floor,
Quoth the parrot, "Nevermore."

WAIT TILL TO-MORROW'S TO-DAY.

Why cross the stream, ere the river is reached,
 Why to-morrow's load carry to-day?
A bridge may be building to help us to cross,
 Or the burden may vanish away.
Why worry and fret? Strength will come with the hour,
 For the trouble that has to be borne,
Then why go to meet it before it appears,
 And so cloud some beautiful morn?
Why try to live time that may never be ours?
 Just enjoy the bright sunshine, I pray,
Then cross not the stream nor worry and fret,
 Just wait till to-morrow's to-day.

AN AFTER ELECTION LAMENT.

I've a fine silk hat that's far too large,
A pair of gloves a size too small,
Umbrellas, canes and overcoats,
For which I have no need at all.

Cigars enough to fill a trunk—
But really now I never smoke;—
An easy chair, a banjo new,
And "Looking Backward"—what a joke!

A box of candy that's so old
You could not eat it if you would;
Neck-ties and mufflers, slippers, too,
And scores of things not half as good.

Thus Christmas gifts I'll have to make,
Or auction off the worthless trash;
Election next I'll only bet,
Where what's put up is purely cash.

FAN-TAN.

Fan-tan, fan-tan,

What is in a name !

Fan-tan, fan-tan,

You cannot call it tame ;

Though you play it without betting,

You are never once forgetting

That fan-tan is a gambling, very wicked

Chinese game.

Fan-tan, fan-tan,

Would you like to play ?

Fan-tan, fan-tan,

Then learn without delay ;

For it can't be really sinning

To find that you are winning

Without betting in that little, wicked

Chinese game to-day.

Fan-tan, fan-tan,

Chips are sometimes tame ;

Fan-tan, fan-tan,

There's a charm about the name !

Though you play it without betting,

Your dollars sure it's getting,

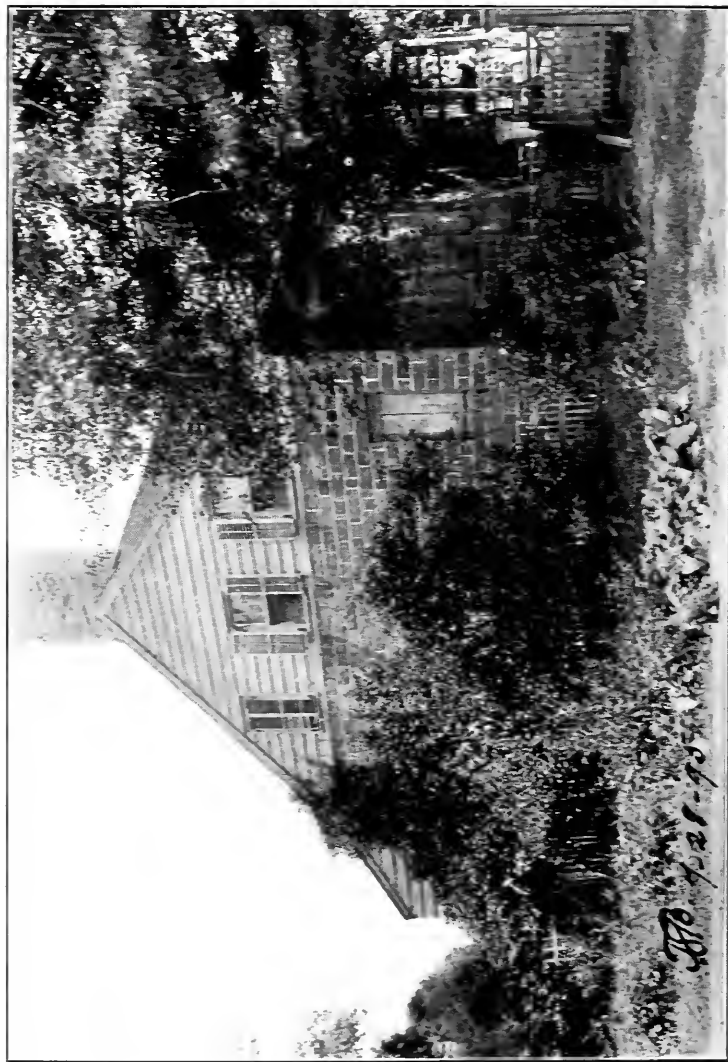
For fan-tan is a wicked, very wicked

Chinese game.

THE CHIMES.

From out Saint Michael's tower
Rang the chimes one Sabbath morn,
And to my inmost being,
Their import sweet was borne;
"Oh, do not be discouraged,"
Though trouble be our way
There's One who'll guide and comfort
And keep us day by day.
Then chimed the bells the lesson,
"Of Faith and Hope and Love,"
And ere the cadence ended,
"We'll dwell with Him above."

The chimes paused in their ringing,
Then on the June-time air
With the fragrance of the roses,
Came the hymn, almost a prayer;
"E'en though it be a cross," they sang,
Yet braver must we be,
Perhaps the cross and darkness
Are best for you and me;
And the priest from out his missal
Had no words so grand to say,
Nor a sermon so far-reaching,
As the chimes that summer day.



"The old stone house where I was born."

THE OLD STONE HOUSE.

I wandered the old house through one morning,
The old stone house where I was born;
From cellar to garret, through ev'ry room;
The shutters were closed, and an air of gloom
Pervaded the house, so old and worn.

I thought of the present, past and future,
The living and also the dead;
Till to me the rooms, so empty and still,
With their former occupants seemed to fill;
Though they talked, I heard not what they said.

And with tread so silent they moved along
From room to room, now here, now there,
Till I thought if they'd only speak to me,
Again for a moment a child I'd be;
Ah, who does not think their childhood fair!

I opened a window and sunshine bright
Streamed o'er the floor that April day;
The faces had vanished—yes, one and all—
As mists, that we see in the early Fall,
Lift with the sunlight and float away.

THE OLD STONE HOUSE.

As I passed from the house and walked along
I thought I could hear the old house say :
“Of joys and sorrows full many I’ve known,
But now, by neglect, I have aged grown,
And am silently crumbling away.”

THE BELL AT MOUNT PLEASANT CEMETERY.

Toll the bell—a requiem toll—
For the outgrown garb of a beautiful soul
Is passing within thy gate ;
To be laid away, no more to be worn,
And for the treasure it once hath borne
Earth never can compensate.

Toll the bell, oh ! the hearts that ache
Must bear their sorrow, e'en though they break,
For the mother's love to-day ;
But the memory sweet of the smile so dear,
The loved caress and the word of cheer,
Earth never can take away.

Toll the bell, for again to-day
Another, whose soul hath been borne away,
Will be laid forever to rest ;
Though hard to learn, this lesson teach
As outward thy tones of vibration reach,
"An All-Wise Father knoweth best."

Toll the bell, and this comfort give,
There is no death ; we begin to live
When the soul at last is free ;
Though dim our sight, our loved are near
With the old time love to help and cheer
Till our dawn of eternity.

OLD-FASHIONED ROSES.

Where grow the roses, the old-fashioned roses,
We've searched the old garden, aye, many times
through;

But the cinnamon roses and yellow Scotch roses,
Have all been supplanted by those that are new.

In vain do we look for the old-fashioned roses
That we picked in our youth without fear of reproof,
The sweet damask roses, the loved prairie roses,
And those wondrous white roses that climbed o'er the
roof.

Now in the garden are Jacqueminot roses,
And a score more with names that we cannot recall;
But the fragrant moss roses and sweet briar roses
No longer are found by the old garden wall.

Gone are the roses, the old-fashioned roses,
Yet in memory's garden they live and they grow
In as great a profusion, those old-fashioned roses,
As they did in the garden we knew long ago.

THE MANTLE OF PEACE.

In the All-Wise Father's kingdom, just beyond the
crystal sea,
Where there is no grief nor dying, throughout all
eternity;
Where the work the Master giveth never wearies hand
nor heart,
Where to wish brings prompt fulfillment and where
loved ones never part,
Stood a messenger, attention, waiting for command
divine,
In his hand a shining raiment of a texture wondrous
fine.
"Bear it," said the loving Father, "down to earth this
Christmas-tide,
Take it as the Christ-Child's token; it is worth all else
beside;
Bear it to my child that's tired; he has fought the good
fight through,
Faithful husband, friend and father, in the work I bade
him do.
Wrap the shining folds about him, bid all suffering to
cease,
O'er the worn out earthly garment, lay the mantle of
great peace.

THE MANTLE OF PEACE.

Whisper that the Christ-Child's token is immortal life
for aye,
For the faithful who have followed in his footsteps day
by day."

And the messenger, the angel, gave the gift the Christ-
Child sent,
And a soul in shining raiment on the Master's errands
went;
But the watchers, with eyes mortal, only saw the breath-
ing cease
And the peace past understanding of the mantle of great
peace.

A RELIC OF THE OLD FAIR STREET CHURCH,
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

Could the gift of speech be given
To this relic of the past,
It could tell of joys and sorrows,
Sunny skies and skies o'ercast ;
Of the dimpled little children,—
Men and women now to-day,
Battling with Life's many problems
With God's love to light the way—
Who were brought to know His goodness,
And His words of wisdom search,
Forty years ago were christened
In the old, old Fair Street Church.

It could tell of blushing maidens,
And of happy, manly men,
Of the words that each had spoken
Only death shall part again,
As they stood beside the altar
In the old church long ago,
Some are gone, and some are nearing
Gently now Life's time of snow.

A RELIC OF THE OLD FAIR STREET CHURCH, NEWARK, N. J.

It could tell of earth's work finished,
Of loved forms borne down the aisle,
Of hearts longing for the dear ones,
And the cheery word and smile.
It could say—but it is silent—
“They are near us if we search,
Just as near as when they worshiped
In the old, old Fair Street Church.”

SWEETHEART.

All day the rain fell softly,
The sky was one unbroken gray,
But in my heart was sunshine,
For at the close of day
Sweetheart would meet me,
As she was wont to do,
Sweetheart would greet me,
With her love so true,
And loving words so tender,
So old, yet always new.

All day the sun shone brightly,
The sky was one unclouded blue,
Yet in my heart was darkness,
For sweetheart, good and true,
No more would meet me
With her laugh so gay;
No more would greet me,
At the close of day,
For to the land of shadows,
She has journeyed far away.

SWEETHEART.

Sometime, for all the sorrow
Which makes the years so long to wait,
Again shall come a gladness
That will fully compensate.
Sweetheart will meet me
When this life is o'er ;
Sweetheart will greet me,
As in days of yore ;
And naught through endless ages
Shall part us more.

LIFE.

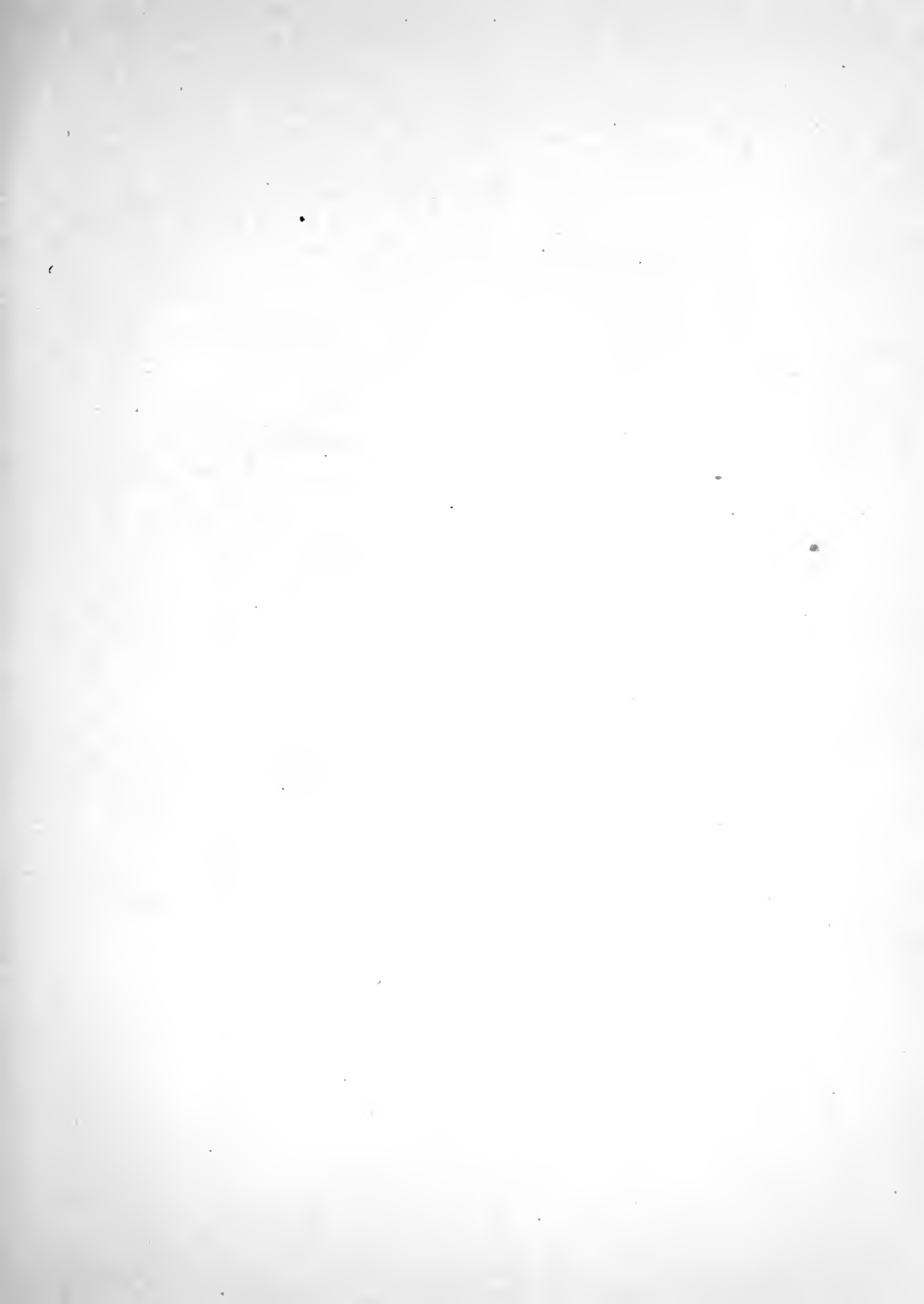
When cold and silent lie our loved,
We say that they are "dead."
As we recall each loving look,
Each word that they have said,
The dear caress, each little act,
And live them o'er once more,
Ah! how we need the comfort
Which cheered so oft before.
If we could only look beyond,—
Not with our earthly eyes,—
We'd see the angel's record is
That "no one ever dies,"
For, as each pilgrim enters
The world that's free from strife,
The angel writes within the book:—
"Born to Eternal Life."

OUR BELOVED DEAD.

Believe you to-day they are sleeping
That their hands in idleness lie,
That they care not our joys and our sorrows,
As day after day passes by?
Think you, they do not remember,
The loved ones so dear to the heart;
Think you, that death changes a nature
And can a new nature impart?

Believe you a heart ever ready,
To prompt to quick action the hand
To deeds that are kindly and helpful,
Beats never again for earth's band
Of dear ones, when over the border
The spirit begins the new life,
Believe you that it has forgotten
Earth's joy and earth's grief and earth's strife?

Believe not to-day they are sleeping
In vale or on mountain top fair,
But rather their spiritual presence,
Is near us to lighten our care.
Why doubt we the minist'ring spirits!
Why close we our hearts to them here,
And the messages helpful they bring us,
Did not Christ to his brethren appear?





"Have passed in their beauty and joy of life's morning,
The maidens and youth who were dear to us all."

TO ALMA MATER.

In Memory of February 19, 1903.

There is joy in the halls of the City Eternal
For those who've just entered its portals divine,
They sit and now learn at the feet of the Master,
And, dear Alma Mater, these pupils were thine.

There is grief in thy halls, oh! dear Alma Mater,
The sun seems to hide 'neath a black heavy cloud,
The hopes of a beautiful morning are shattered,
In sorrow and sadness thy children are bowed.

Thy children to-day with their youth and ambition;
Thy children who long ago left thy roof-tree,
To work and to win in the world's field of action,
To-day, Alma Mater, they're weeping with thee.

For, out from thy walks and thy by-ways of learning,
And never to answer again thy roll call,
Have passed in their beauty and joy of life's morning
The maidens and youth who were dear to us all.

TO ALMA MATER.

Have passed, ere was finished the work of thy guidance.
And the homes and the hearts that held them most
 dear,
In anguish are grieving, and, dear Alma Mater,
 In bonds of deep sorrow we grieve with them here.

For those of thy children with suffering weary,
 Thy youngest, at present so cruelly tried,
Our pray'rs for recovery go out to the Father,
 Who ever and always with them will abide.

There is joy in the halls of the City Eternal,
 For those who've just entered its portals divine,
They sit and now learn at the feet of the Master,
 And, dear Alma Mater, these pupils were thine.

THE SINGER.

Long years ago, at a city's gate,
A minstrel sang from morn till late ;
But the passer-by paused not to hear
The voice of the singer so sweet and clear,
As he sang of joy and peace and love,
And his trusting faith in God above,
Of Nature's glories, and thoughts so fine
It seemed they almost were divine.

But One there was who heard his song,—
The anthems sweet and grand and strong,—
And just one word to the minstrel said,
When lo ! in the morn the singer was dead.
An angel had borne his spirit away
At the word of command, to perfect day.
Then the songs of the singer, so full of cheer,
Were gathered together year after year ;
Till it happened then, as it happens now,
That laurels were brought for a marble brow ;
In life there were few who had known his name
Was it Death that had given the singer fame?

THE SINGER.

To-day among us, as in olden days,
Some singer is singing his song of praise.
We hear the song, but forget to say
That it touches our hearts, until some day
We learn with sorrow, ah me! too late,
The singer is gone from our city's gate.

THE MESSAGE.

In the house of many mansions which the Father doth
prepare,
There was need of skillful touches to be placed with love
and care,
In a home that He was building to endure throughout all
time—
Being fitted for its loved ones, in that wondrous happy
clime—
“Go thou forth unto earth’s vineyard,” thus the All-
Wise Builder saith,
To an angel who was waiting—to the angel we call
“Death”—
“Bring thou hither one whose presence can this man-
sion home-like make,
One whose hand is ever willing, one beloved for love’s
sweet sake ;
Be thou gentle with thy message, quickly speak and
swiftly bring,
To this heart o’er full of kindness, bear no conscious
suffering.”
And the angel speeding earthward gave the message low
and sweet,
And the first born’s hand was ready to the Builder’s
work complete.

THE UNBIDDEN GUEST.

Silently entering came an unbidden guest,
And asked of the household that they give him the best
That their hearts held in love. Without waiting he
chose,
And over their eldest laid his garb of repose ;
The voice that so often had filled them with cheer
Was stilled. Closed the laughing brown eyes with their
clear
Honest depths, and the heart so quick to comfort and
bless
Gave no answering sign to their grief or caress,
When the long night had passed and the day raised its
head,
Friends said in hushed accents : "The loved one is dead."

Nay, not dead, hearts so sad, he is living to-day,
And his lovable presence, which cheered all your way,
Is near you to comfort, though your eyes may not see,
The form which the unbidden guest has set free.

And the Angel of Life was the unbidden guest
Who asked of their hearts that they give him their best.



“And over their eldest laid his garb of repose.”

HOME.

Back as he wished, to his land of adoption,
Back o'er the sea, they have brought him to rest
'Neath the green sod and the blue sky of heaven,
Back to the land by the stars and stripes blest.

Far away mountains, or castles of story,
Lake clear as crystal, or broad sunny field,
Romance of abbey, of kirk and cathedral,
All to his land of adoption must yield,

Yield all the glory and honor of keeping,—
Keeping to rest 'neath the heather grown earth,—
That which in life held the spirit immortal,
That which was Scotland's by right of his birth.

Proud of his love is his town of adoption,
Proud of his loyalty, helpfulness, zeal;
Proud that to state, to his church and to friendship
And ev'ry good cause he kept his heart leal.

Just as he wished, they have brought him and laid him,
'Neath the green sod in Mount Pleasant to rest,
Back to the land of his manhood's adoption,
Back to the land by the stars and stripes blest.

DON'T WAIT.

Don't wait till to-morrow
The kind word to say,
Some one may be needing
To hear it to-day.
Some heart overflowing
With sorrow and care,
From your word may take courage
Its burden to bear.

Don't wait to sing praises
Till death claims your friend,—
Then praise will be useless,—
But now it may tend
To lighten some sorrow ;
So tell him, I pray,
If in word or in action
He has helped you to-day.

Don't wait to do great things,
His life's truly grand
Who does the small deeds
That are always at hand.
His sorrow is deepest
Who learns, aye, too late
How much good is accomplished
By those who don't wait.

THE LITTLE SONG.

A little song came to my mind one day,
And I wanted so much to have it stay,
Till I could find time to write it down,
But Polly was ill, and a settled frown
 Rested on father's face.
Then mother looked tired and Bob was cross,
So I hadn't the heart to think of the loss,
Of the song, that quickly flitted away,
While I smoothed out the tangles of life that day
 In many and many a place.

But by and by when the evening came,
And the work was done, I heard my name,
Spoken so softly in mother's voice
With "Daughter, you've made my heart rejoice,
 By the help you gave today.
Polly you've eased, thy father cheered,
And Bob's little trials all disappeared,
Beneath your sunshine and loving care";
Then I smiled through tears and breathed a prayer,
 For the soul of the song did stay.

GRAVES.

There are other graves o'er which to weep
 Besides the churchyard mound of earth ;
As tasks neglected in idle play,
And unkind words which day by day
 Have accumulated from our birth.
A chasm they make in the heart so deep,
We gladly would close our eyes and sleep.

Unseen are these graves, that ev'ry day
 From the world are carefully hid ;
A friendship broken is buried in one ;
A heart made sad, an injustice done,
 We can read on the coffin lid.
The churchyard graves need headstones gray,
But to those of the heart we know the way.

If we visit in sorrow these graves and pray,
 Will time bring a healing balm
And strew with care, o'er each and all
If we do our best, till at last there'll fall,
 O'er our troubled spirit a calm.
The first deep griefs may pass away,
But the graves they have made, who can say?

LONG AGO.

Long ago the world had sunshine
And its shadows dark and gray ;
People lived and loved and sorrowed,
Just as people do to-day.

Long ago the wise men studied
To discover Nature's laws ;
Just as they began to know them,
Death relentless bade them pause.

Long ago the flowers that blossomed
And were gathered, lost their hue,
Still to-day we gather others
As of old they used to do.

Long ago the smile that brightened
Every moment we were sad,
In our hearts to-day is living,
And its mem'ry makes us glad.

LONG AGO.

Long ago! It may be ages,
Or the briefest space of time,
If we live each second rightly
Then our long ago's sublime.

Let us then press bravely onward,
So the future world will know.
That this earth is really better
For our living long ago.

A DREAM.

Only a dream and it vanished
With the first faint rays of day;
But it left a peace and calmness
That never can pass away.

I dreamed I had crossed the river,
The river of Death so drear,
Yet the journey had been so pleasant,
It recalled the old time fear

Of a river so deep and rapid
That we all should sometime cross;
Of the waves so cold and restless,
That over our forms would toss.

Instead 'twas a lovely valley,
With flowers on either side,
And when I paused in wonder,
Beside me there stood a guide,

All dressed in the whitest raiment
My eyes had ever seen;
Who guided me to a mansion
'Mid meadows broad and green.

A DREAM.

And before the door was opened
I heard loved voices say :
"There are never any partings
In this land of perfect day."

Only a dream and it vanished
With the first faint rays of day ;
But it left a peace and calmness
That never can pass away.



"Still I see her as she stood.
In her winsome womanhood."

TWO DAYS.

Still I see her as she stood
 That fair day,
With the lilies in her hand,
Just the brightest of our band,
 Always happy, always gay,
 Winsome womanhood.
 Merry eyes
 In glad surprise,
Saw the beautiful that lies
In everything beneath the skies,
 Life was sweet and good.
Happy days, summer days,
Joyous fancies, light-heart ways,
Still I see her as she stood
In her winsome womanhood.

TWO DAYS.

And I see her one more day,
 One sad day,
With some lilies in her hand,
First to leave our little band,
 Once so happy, once so gay,
 First to go away.
 Merry eyes
 In glad surprise,
See the beautiful that lies
In the world beyond the skies,
 In eternal day.
Darksome days, winter days,
And we could not see His ways
Were the best for her alway,
When our hearts were sad that day.

THE VACANT PLACE.

The vacant place at the table
Is the one we long to fill ;
And we look up half expecting
That the dear one's with us still.
Our hearts long so for the absent,
The voice with its old-time ring ;
It seems that back to our keeping
Our longing the loved must bring.

Perhaps it is just a fancy
That a dead or absent friend,
Is influenced by our longings
And their messages do send
By some ministering angel,
To encourage us and cheer,
When we bravely do with patience
All the tasks we're given here.

Or, it may be just our longings
Make us better day by day,
And in themselves prove comforters,
If we wisely work and pray ;
Till the vacant chair beside us
Comes to be an angel's place
Where in thought we see the features
Of the dear, familiar face.

LIVING OVER.

There are days in our lives we would gladly live over,
There are others, ah, yes, we'd as gladly forget ;
Would it pay to live o'er all those that were sunshine,
And take all the dark ones so filled with regret?

There's the day on the mountain, the glorious sunset,
The walk and the talk as we came home at eve.
A "red letter" day in the memory of friendship ;
Would we live it all over on the morrow to grieve?

There's the loved of our childhood, the hours spent with
 them,
Such bright spots they seem as we often look back ;
But who would live over again the sad partings?
Say, wouldn't we rather the first pleasure lack?

Ah, yes, it is best that we cannot live over
Not even one day with its pleasures or pains,
Except in sweet mem'ry where is stored for all ages
What is best to be kept of Life's losses and gains.

MUSINGS OF A BLOTTER.

They call me a blotter, worn out, may be so,
But of business and pleasure,
And gladness and sadness,
And weal and woe ;
All thoughts that come
From the soul, through the pen,
In an o'erflowing measure
I know.
Though I seem inanimate, dumb,
Yet, they sink in my heart again and again,
Till I'm human in grief and despair,
Then again I'm light-hearted as air ;
Aye, look at me well and perhaps you can see,
Why the term just a blotter is given to me.
That line of unkindness
Was written in blindness,
It brought on the morrow
The keenest of sorrow ;
Look again ! you will see there are words full of love
That tried to blot out the line just above.
"Forgive, ah, forgive,
Let not bitterness live,"
After years of repentance
I noted this sentence,

MUSINGS OF A BLOTTER.

Great comfort it brought to my heart,
Uniting two souls ne'er to part.

Simple merry words of cheer,
Ringing, singing, laughter bringing,
You'll find are hidden here ;
From their brightness and their lightness,
They made a dark sky clear.
Nonsense words? Perhaps, who knows
But they're wisest words for some kinds of woes.
Figures showing loss or gain—
With a sad or glad refrain—
Words that tell of death or birth,
Bringing sorrow, bringing mirth,
Are mingled here
With tear or cheer.
Blotting out, ah, who can say,
The joy of life in one brief day,
Or lessening some grief or pain,
Until it seems a minor strain ;
While I, a worn out blotter know,
These joys and griefs that overflow,
And in my heart so leal and true
I keep Life's rosemary and rue.

DREAM VERSUS REALITY.

I slept—and dreamed of violets—
A foolish thing to do!
I should have been awake forsooth
As I can prove to you.

For at the door a serious knight
Night cereus blooms in hand,
Appealed to our electric bell,
The faintest in the land!

But on I slept—'twas twelve at night—
And dreamed of violets blue,
So missed the flowers I might have had,
Alas! boo hoo!! boo hoo!!!

Thus oft in life a laden ship
Lies moored beside our door,
While we by visions are enrapt
And miss its golden store.

FLORENCE.

In the valley of the Arno, 'neath a sunny southern sky,
In the beauty of the Tuscan hills that round about thee lie,
With thy olive groves, thy villas and thy gardens filled
 with flowers,
Thou restest, city beautiful, 'mid fair enchanted bowers ;
And thy river, famous Arno, winds onward to the sea,
And spreads thy fame in ev'ry land, thou Queen of Tus-
 cany.

In the light and joy of spring-time, 'neath the hopeful
 skies of youth,
In the beauty of fair maidenhood, of love and trust and
 truth,
With Life's promises unfolding, as a rose from hour to
 hour,
Lives thy namesake, a sweet maiden, stately as earth's
 fairest flower ;
As thou art unto the Arno, its lily and its pride,
So the maid is ours, to cheer us 'til the ebbing of Life's
 tide.

AT SIXTEEN.

Picture of a dainty lass,
In a gown of quaint old style,
Tell me, did your winsome face
Your fond lover's heart beguile?
That you were most fair is seen,
By your picture at sixteen.

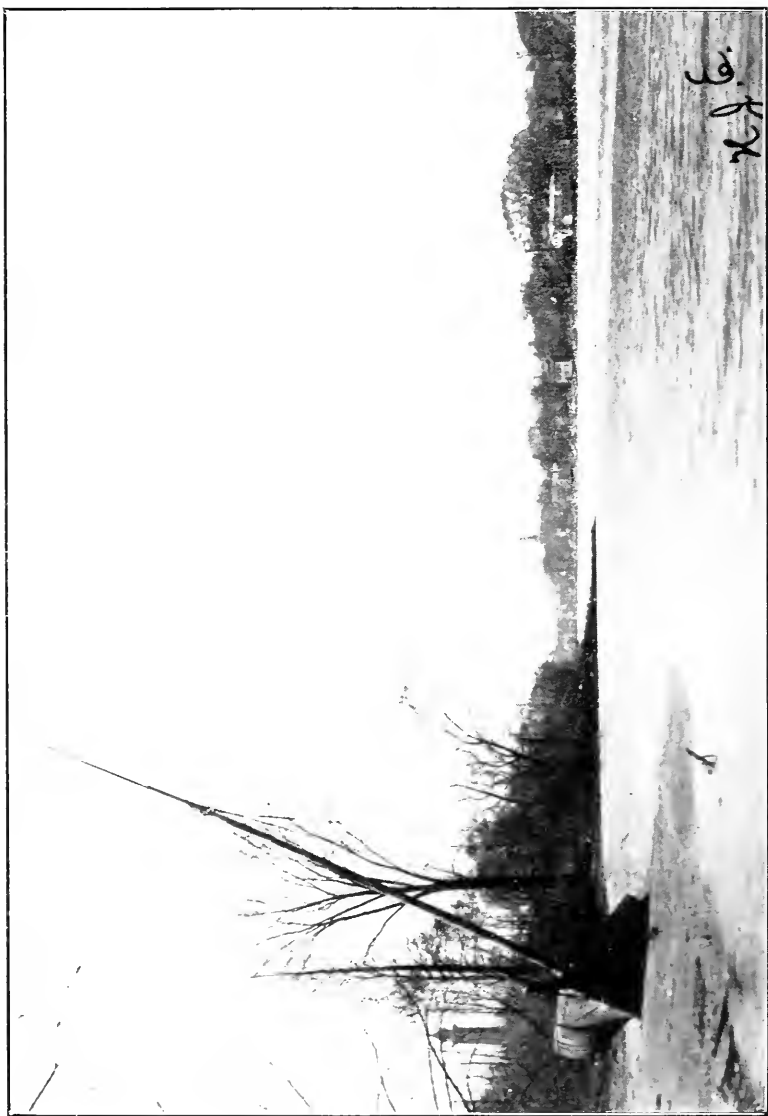
Happy days of long ago,
Days of youth and spring-time fair,
Did your lover praise your eyes,
Gently stroke your glossy hair?
Did he say you were his queen
When you were just sweet sixteen?

Fifty years have come and gone,
Still you have a lover true;
As you look up in his face,
And he fondly looks at you.
Proud he is of you, I ween,
As you were at sweet sixteen.

Precious keepsake of the past,
By this later lover kept;
With his infant joys you smiled,
With his little sorrows wept.
Picture of a maid serene,
You're his mother at sixteen.

REFLECTED.

For a frown, a frown's reflected,
And a smile will bring a smile,
And the whole time of a lifetime,
Is such a little while ;
For the pleasant word extended
And the deed of joy and cheer,
That has helped a brother's living,
In his daily journey here
Will be echoed down the ages,
And will live for aye and aye,
Till the wee time of a lifetime
Joins eternity's bright day.



The "Valley" River.

TO THE "VALLEY" RIVER.

Oh, beautiful river! Oh, bright "Valley" River!
Forever flow on in thy course to the sea;
There are others, I know, that are broader and grander,
Yet none is so charming as thou art to me.

As curved is thy course as the fair line of beauty,
Now in, and now out, as thou windest along;
Thou art here among hills, and there in the lowlands,
Delight of the oarsman! Thou art worthy a song.

How oft on thy banks did I stroll in my childhood,
And list to thy murmurings, gentle and low,
And wonder if thou couldst relate me a story,
Of fairy or goblin, that I'd like to know.

Thou remindest me often, oh beautiful river,
Of how we should live, and that we should be
Bright, peaceful and useful, and firm in our purpose,
Pressing forward for aye to eternity's sea.

TO THE "VALLEY" RIVER.

And when life is o'er, I but ask that this body,—
The garment in lifetime that covered the soul,—
Shall rest close beside thee, forever and ever,
While the spirit is free as the years onward roll.

Oh, beautiful river! Oh, bright "Valley" River!
Forever flow on in thy course to the sea;
There are others, I know, that are broader and grander,
Yet none is so charming as thou art to me.

AN OLD RING.

"With this ring, I thee do wed :"
So long ago the words were said,
That he who gave and she who wore,
Have now a century or more
Been laid to rest.
But still the ring, the fragile thing,
That round my finger now doth cling,
Oft speaks to me of doubts and fears,
A young wife's prayers, a mother's tears,
For those she loved the best ;
And could the little circlet tell
The tale of life it knows so well
What would it be?
A song of joy, or one of woe,
Trials and sorrows here below,
Or life perfected, day by day,
December's love as sweet as May,
To endure throughout eternity.
"Till death us part,"
Did either heart
Wish the tie broken,
The words unspoken?
Oh, little circlet worn and old,
The story of two lives you hold.

BE NOT DISCOURAGED.

Be not discouraged, God knows our heart aches,
He plans our living, whate'er befall;
Trust in His wisdom, though long the waiting,
Be not discouraged, He guides us all.

Be not discouraged, be not discouraged,
He notes the sparrow lest it should fall;
Be not discouraged, be not discouraged,
We are His children, He guides us all.

Be not discouraged, dark clouds have linings,
Look up and forward unto the light;
When the cloud passes we'll see the brightness
Proves that He guided all through the night.

Be not discouraged, be not discouraged,
He notes the sparrow lest it should fall;
Be not discouraged, be not discouraged,
We are His children, He guides us all.

PATIENCE, FOR THE HEART GROWS WEARY.

Patience, for the heart grows weary !

Yet, I wonder could we live
Just a life of our own planning
If 'twould greater pleasure give.
Would the glare of too much brightness
Paralyze the heart and brain?
To appreciate the sunshine
Do we not need clouds and rain?

When we've puzzled o'er the meaning
Of some cross we've had to bear,
Thinking that the All-Wise Father
Didn't know and didn't care,
We were groping in the darkness,
Lo! when we have reached the light,
We behold we've wondrous treasures
That we gathered in our night ;

That we ne'er had found had fortune
Always kept a smiling face ;
Thus the guiding hand of goodness
In the darkness we can trace,
Patience, though the heart grows weary,
Sometime we shall understand
That the life He planned was better,
Than the one we could have planned.

IN THE MINUS AGE.

On his feet were shoe-less shoes,
And his clothes were clothes-less clothes ;
He wore a hat-less hat on his head,
While taking a doze-less doze,
He sat on a bench-less bench,
'Neath the shade of a shade-less tree,
And thought-less thoughts of a dream-less dream,
Stole over his memory.

His home was a home-less home,
By the side of a sea-less sea ;
His coal was only the coal-less coal,
Of a future century.
His gold he put in a trust-less trust,
He voted a vote-less vote,
And with a beautiful penless pen,
A wire-less message wrote.

He boasted not of science,
For wonders had just begun,
He lived in the wondrous minus age
And saw the sun-less sun,
With an earth-less earth revolving,
And a moon-less moon in view,
When he sent friends a cable-less cable
They telepathed, "How do you do."

FANNY'S SHOE.

Bob keeps a flower,
 Jack hoards a glove,
Tom a blue ribbon
 Of his lady love,
But, I treasure my Fanny's shoe,
Tied with a ribbon of royal hue.

Bob says, " 'tis silly,"
 Jack says, "bad taste,
On just an old shoe
 My feelings to waste."
Still, I treasure my Fanny's shoe,
Tied with a ribbon of royal hue.

Tom knew the secret,
 Showed them the shoe,
All then exclaimed,
 As it came into view ;
"Such a love token, just a horseshoe,
Tied with a ribbon of royal hue."

LITTLE ELIZABETH.

Sandman's coming, little maid,
He will catch you I'm afraid;
Better hie to Sleepy Hollow,
He's afraid down there to follow,
He can't enter Bye-low land
For his hands are full of sand;
Hurry, little Elizabeth,
Make the sandman out of breath.

Sandman's coming, hurry dear,
Or he'll catch you I've a fear;
Roll up in this slumber robe,
Softest one on all the globe;
Dreamland's full of sweets and toys
For the little girls and boys;
Hurry, little Elizabeth,
Make the sandman out of breath.



"Hurry, little Elizabeth,
Make the sandman out of breath."

LITTLE ELIZABETH.

Sandman's coming, he's 'most here,
Close your eyes up tight, my dear,
Then he'll have to go away
And tease some one else to-day;
For the sandman cannot follow
And get into Sleepy Hollow;
Hurry, little Elizabeth,
Make the sandman out of breath.

Sandman's coming, do not stay,
Lest he throws the sand this way;
Hush-a-Bye's a pretty town
In the Nodland of renown,
In the valley Sleepy Hollow
Where the sandman cannot follow;
Hie thee, little Elizabeth,
Make the sandman out of breath.

THE YEARS.

Springtime and summer, autumn and snow,
Cycle on cycle the years they go,
Hurrying, scurrying into the past,
Sadness nor gladness can make them last.
Springtime of hope, summer of joy,
Autumn of faith, and all the alloy
Gone from our lives when we reach the snow
With weary step, yet with hearts aglow
With the flowers of May, the roses of June,
And the gentle warmth of an autumn noon.
Cycle on cycle the years go by,
Hurrying, scurrying on they fly;
More precious each one we add to our store
That is waiting for us on eternity's shore;
Sometime in the beautiful time to be
Their beautiful texture we shall see.
The love and help we gave they'll hold
And they'll look to our eyes like burnished gold.

A JUNE EVENING.

There was fragrance in the air,
There were roses everywhere ;
Honeysuckles bright with dew
Sent abroad their sweetness, too ;
And the orange blossoms vied
With the roses by their side,
Until the garden seemed to be
A little glimpse of heaven to me.

There were flowers everywhere,
And their sweetness banished care
Till one forgot the pulsing throng
Which bears us forward all day long,
Forgot that strife and wrong and sin
In any life can enter in,
Forgot all, save the present hour,
And a June time evening's power.

There were pleasant thoughts and friends,
And the charm their presence lends ;
There were flowers culled with care,
By a maiden young and fair ;
And the stars came out above
Ordered by a God, whose love,
To counter-balance ills and strife
Puts June time evenings in each life.

A DAY IN SUFFERN, N. Y.

The fleecy white clouds float over the mountains,
As billows roll over the rocks by the sea ;
They cast o'er the earth their soft gliding shadows,
And with ev'ry shadow come visions to me.

Of days long ago, when here on these mountains,
The troublesome Cow-boys and Tories held sway ;
While yet farther on, on a rock our Commander,
Kept watch of the enemy's fleet in the bay.

The Ramapo Pass is peopled with soldiers,
In fancy I see the entrenchments they made ;
As here, on this bright June-day, I am dreaming,
And watching the mountains in sunlight and shade.

At the Pass, Colonel Burr, to guard it is stationed,
With headquarters here in that long ago time ;
The very air breathes the force and the vigor
That gave to our soldiers their courage sublime.

The iron horse speeds to-day through the valley,
The valley historic of scenes of the past ;
The fleecy white clouds float over the mountains,
And I am entranced by the shadows they cast.

THE COMMUTERS.

The last boat's in for the five-thirty-nine,
Home we are going, to your home and mine ;
Note, as you look down the aisle of the car
At the commuters, how tired they are,—
Littlejohn, Clarkson, Finch, Muir and Brown,
And thirty odd more who stop at our town,
Each one, in the same place, day after day,
Measuring the hours of his three-score away;—
Into the city with the day's first dawn,
Full of ambition as new hopes are born ;
Working and hustling, eight hours are gone,
Out from life's measure that was theirs in the morn.

The last boat's in for the five-thirty-nine,
Home we are going, to your home and mine ;
Engineer Conklin at the "throttle" stands,
And away we go o'er the famed marsh lands ;
The train-man calls, as the trip is begun,
"The first station, on this line, is Harrison."
The tickets are punched as along we speed,
While the passengers talk, or sleep or read ;
When the stations are reached 'tis very plain
Commuters the platforms with ease will gain,
(The on-going passengers push in vain),
For Conductor Conway runs the train.

THE COMMUTERS.

When our last boat's in on another line,
Home we are going to your home and mine ;
Loved ones are waiting to welcome us there
Come we in age or in youth's time so fair,
Kindness of thought, and deeds good and true,
These are the passports we need to go through
Over this line, to that happy domain,
Where nothing is known of sorrow or pain ;
And the All-Wise-One in His love divine,
Will journey with us the whole of the line ;
Like tired commuters of the five-thirty-nine,
Home we'll be going to your home and mine.

THE "CONDEMNED" BRIDGE.

Over the Hohokus River.

Those in authority had said,
 "Place on the bridge a sign ;
Condemn it for the public's use
 In storm or weather fine."
For two years, he who passed it o'er
 Read there the words that stated ;
At his "own risk" he used the bridge,
 If early or belated.

The bridge, the little river spanned,
 The weeks and months went by ;
And still it stood an arch between
 The water and the sky.
No harm had come to him who passed,
 The bridge but did its duty,
And faithful was, although condemned
 And lacking youth and beauty.

THE "CONDEMNED" BRIDGE.

Storms came, the little river rose,
A mighty current here ;
And all the bridges not condemned
Went down both far and near.
One only stood, when rain and flood
Had thoroughly abated,
The one "condemned" for public use
For a new verdict waited.

We often find in daily life,
That folks like bridges are,
Condemned unworthy of our thought,
Till troubles rise, to mar
Some perfect scene, and then we find
Them helpful and uplifting,
While outward borne the sunshine friends,
Go with the current drifting.

CHOOSE THE BRIGHT SIDE.

There are always two sides to life, dear,
As there are two sides to the street ;
No need to walk in the shade, dear,
When there's sunshine bright and sweet.
Cross over out of the shades of doubt,
It is only a wee short way
To the other side of the street, dear,
To the bright and gladsome day.

There are always two sides to life, dear,
Don't live on the darksome side ;
A word of cheer and a laugh, dear,
Will scatter the shadows wide.
Lend a helping hand to those who need,
To the sorrowing comfort give,
'Twill help you out of the dark, dear,
And into the light to live.

There are always two sides to life, dear,
As there are two sides to the street ;
And the best in Nature thrives, dear,
Out in the sunshine sweet.
Unhappiness, fear and discontent
Gain strength in the darksome way,
Then cross to the other side, dear,
To the beautiful light of day.

“IN SICKNESS AND IN HEALTH.”

“In sickness and in health,” these words
Were spoken long ago,
And the “I will” that followed them,
Setting the heart aglow
Of the sweet-faced maid who heard the vow,
Her benediction then as now.

“In sickness and in health,” these words
To her have made him great,
E’en though she knows it is his hand,
That guides our Ship of State.
Her admiration is for his love,
The pledge fulfilled, to her ark, the dove.

“In sickness and in health.” the world
Their steadfast power feel,
And the “I will” of long ago
Will guard our Country’s keel
In war or peace, from rise to set of sun,
For love of country and of home are one.

Written August 18, 1901, after reading a newspaper account of an interview with Mrs. McKinley during her trip to California, in which she said her admiration for President McKinley was “for his constant and uniform care, love and attention to an invalid wife.”

OUR WELL-BELOVED.

(William McKinley, September 14, 1901.)

We dwell on his statesmanship with pride,
We love, of his life, its Christ-like side.

His trusting faith in the All-wise One,
"It is God's way ; His will be done."
His loving care of his faithful wife,
Ev'ry day of a busy life ;
His thoughtful word for the deadly foe,
"Let no one harm him." Aye, we know
He must have sat at the Master's feet,
To speak forgiveness so complete.
"Nearer, my God, to Thee," his prayer,
"E'en though it be a cross" to bear.
Comforting words for the faithful heart
Who knew the hour had come to part.
The "Good-bye, all," at life's ebbing tide,
A message to our Nation wide ;
No one forgotten—his great heart knew
The grief his people must pass through.
With sorrowing hearts we kneel and pray,
"God's will be done, not ours," always.

We dwell on his statesmanship with pride,
We love, of his life, its Christ-like side.

DO YOUR BEST.

If you have a song worth singing,
Put your whole soul in the song;
Let your pulse beat to its music,
It will help the song along;
For the hearer feels the keynote
And the import it would tell,
And the song that's worth the singing,
Is a song worth singing well.

If you have a task worth doing,
Though the humblest kind of work,
Put your whole thought in your labor,
Nor its slightest detail shirk.
If a thing is worth the doing,
It is worth the doing well,
And success will surely find you
And abroad your merit tell.

If you have an hour for idling,
Give the time to rest and play;
Aye, forget that work awaits you
'Tis by far the better way.
For whate'er is worth the doing,
It is worth the doing well,
Whether it is song or labor,
Or an hour's resting spell.

CAPE COD.

I am dreaming, I am dreaming
Of the brightest Summer land ;
Where long years ago in quiet,
Lived the Nauset Indian band.
I am longing for the pine woods,
And the beaches that they trod ;
For the pine woods and the beaches
For a glimpse of old Cape Cod.

I am pining, I am pining
For the fragrance of the breeze ;
That is wafted back and forward,
And that breathes of distant seas,
I am longing for its ocean,
For its breakers and its roar ;
And its bay's soft, gentle music
As it whispers to the shore.

I am thinking, I am thinking
Of its whip-poor-will's low call ;
With the punishment it threatens
That it never gives at all.
I am longing for the stories
That its people know so well ;
Its arbutus and pink yarrow,
And its scarlet pimpernel.

CAPE COD.

I am sighing, I am sighing
For a sight of cliffs and lights,
That gleam so white by daytime,
And are beacons stormy nights;
I am longing for its meadows
And its beach-grass covered sod,
For the Summer land of resting,
For a glimpse of old Cape Cod.

MAY.

Father Time's most winsome daughter
Is in town ;
Of the softest shade of green
Is her gown ;
And she's saying all the while,
With the sweetness of her smile,
Till your heart she doth beguile,
"Do not frown."

Do not frown, the flowers are springing
Ev'ry-where,
Let your heart be filled with gladness,
Not with care ;
Make the old world bright to-day,
Cheer some one along the way,
Help to make, like winsome May,
Life more fair.

GOING BACK.

We are going back to the country, my dear old wife
and I ;
Back to the Genesee Valley, for which we daily sigh ;
Back to the old red farm house, with the lilacs by the
door,
The porch and the scarlet runners that we've talked of
o'er and o'er.

We came to live in the city, with our eldest daughter, Jo ;
From our home in the quiet valley, nigh on to a year
ago ;
We've tried the city ways of life, but somehow it doesn't
please,
We two plain country people to be always at our ease ;
Nor dressed as if for meeting, from the morn till set of
sun,
And sit in stuffy parlors, I tell you it isn't fun
To those who all their life time have been used to light
and air,
To shut them in a band box is more than they can bear.

GOING BACK.

Now, Jo's the best of daughters, but her furniture's very
fine,
And 'twould fade and spoil it terribly to see the bright
sunshine;
And we can't get used to supper in the middle of the
day,
Nor to dinner in the evening, when the day has passed
away.

Our room is up three flights of stairs—Jo's ceilings are
so high—
It seems that all our climbing ought to have brought us
to the sky;
But it hasn't and I'm thinking that the country is the
place
To climb straight up to Heaven and to feel an inward
grace.

Why, to see the grass a-growing, and the buds a-spring-
ing, too,
And to hear the wild birds singing a song that's always
new,
And to see the sun a-wooing everything that lives and
grows,
And the leaves so wildly flying when the Autumn wind it
blows,

GOING BACK.

And the mantle white of Winter that is spread o'er all
the earth,
They all are teaching Heaven for all that they are worth,
And the learned city preacher has no sermon half so
good
As that you get from Nature, nor so easily understood.

So, we're going back to the country, my dear old wife
and I,
For old folks can't forget old ways, no matter how they
try,
Back to quiet ways of living and old paths that we have
trod,
Where instead of works of man we can see the works of
God.

AN ENDORSEMENT.

Sing me the songs that touch the heart,
And keep it warm and true ;
The songs of the homely ways of life,
That are old, yet always new.
The songs of the mind may do for some,
But songs of the heart I praise,
And the ones that thrill me through and through
Are the songs of the every days.

MEMORIES.

A strain of music, a wild bird's trill,
A perfume-laden Southern breeze ;
A cloud whose shadow o'er meadows play
As billows roll o'er tranquil seas ;
A bunch of flowers, a walk in Spring,
An Autumn day with leaves of gold,
Will waken memories in the heart
And re-create the days of old.

They are tiny keys, unlocking doors
To other hours and days and years ;
And on we wander, through all the past,
Sometimes with smiles, sometimes with tears.
We hear the voices of friends long dead,
Of others now in distant lands ;
So real they seem, we half expect
To grasp at once their outstretched hands.

They're only phantoms frail as mists,
That come and go, but cannot last,
This for the moment we quite forget
As some one thing recalls the past.
Though soon they vanish, they leave with us
A peace which soothes sad thoughts away ;
Our lives are brightened by memories,
Our hearts made warmer day by day.



Memories.

NASTURTIUMS.

They came one summer morning
With a bright and cheerful way,
Their spicy fragrance filling
The room the live long day,
This was their little lesson :
“Be brave to bear your part,”
I was not brave, I had been ill,
And sadness filled my heart.

Then, as I looked upon them,—
Bright banners, red and gold,—
I thought if tiny flowers
So much of good can hold
That He, whose wisdom prompted
The thought, the flowers to send,
Would in His great compassion
Just help me to the end.

Their fragrance breathed their meaning,
There's “honor to the brave”
Who battle 'gainst the topmost crest
Of each advancing wave,
With will to conquer, through the fight
Unthought of help will be,
Given to all, to make them strong,
As were the flowers to me.

FROM BARNEGAT BAY.

From Barnegat Bay on a summer's day,
My love and I went sailing away;
Went sailing away far out to sea,
With breezes blowing so light and free.

Oh! we sailed away for a week and a day,
My love and I, from Barnegat Bay;
I talked to my love of the dreams of my life,
But I never once asked her to be my wife.

"How shocking!" I hear the discreet ones say,
To sail thus a week from Barnegat Bay;
If Polly cares not, pray why should I?
So another trip I am planning to try.

We will rock all night, and we'll sail all day
In the waters so blue off Barnegat Bay.
No chaperon by, when I praise my love
And call her pet names, as, "my white winged dove."

What is that about morals I hear you say,
I do wrong in thus sailing from Barnegat Bay?
Oh, nonsense, my friend, to talk so is folly,
For my beautiful love is my sail-boat "Polly."

THE BULLETIN IMP.

A queer little imp once chanced to spy,
As he looked from the corner of his "wickedest" eye,
While perched on a portrait, of Lincoln, high,
A family bulletin hanging nigh.
The words of the bulletin "out" and "in,"
He watched with a little satanic grin;
Then he crossed his legs and held his chin,
And waited a chance his fun to begin.
Home from shopping the ladies came,
And pushed the word "in" to the side of each name,
The imp slipped down and changed the same
And that little action just made his fame.
For since that time, to the present day,
Over men and women he's held his sway,
To certain ones when they're in, they say
To the imp, tell the caller "I'm out to-day,"
So he changes the sign, is it a sin?
And he marks them "out," although they're "in."
Then he laughs the imp, a satanic grin,
And into each conscience sticks a pin.
This is the legend he told to me,
The "Bulletin Imp" with greatest glee.

A SUMMER IDYL.

In a hammock across the way,
Sat Dorothy swinging,
And softly singing
A wonderful lay.

“Love’s the supreme force,
Supreme good of life,
Makes easy its burdens,
Soothes worry and strife;
Love’s the supreme force,
Supreme good of life.”

I, from my window, that summer day,
Saw Dorothy swinging,
Heard Dorothy singing
That sweet little lay.

“Love’s the supreme force,”
I thought; is it true?
If so, on the morrow
I know what I’ll do;
I’ll ask her to wed me,
Sweet Dorothy True.



"In a hammock across the way,
Sat Dorothy swinging,
And softly singing
A wonderful lay."



A SUMMER IDYL.

Alas, for resolves! the very next morn
Brought cards that told plainly,
I should have wooed vainly,
That hope was forlorn.

“Love’s the supreme force,
Supreme good of life.”
My chum won sweet Dorothy,
Her sister’s my wife,
And “Love’s the supreme force,
Supreme good of life.”

JUNE TIME AND ROSES AND LOVE.

Bright was the day when you gave me your hand,
Roses were blooming in all the broad land,
But the heart that you gave me, to cherish with care,
Was brighter than June days and the roses so fair ;
So, sing with me, sweet-heart, the whole world's in tune,
Our love is as perfect as the roses in June.

Sorrow may come, dear, what life has been free?
Yet my aim shall be ever to shield it from thee,
When we reach the December of life may we say :
"Our love is as bright as it was that June day."
When eternity dawns may the angels above
Sing the power that rules is the magic of love.

PLAYMATES.

Two happy playmates together,
We waded the self-same pool,
We studied the self-same lessons
From the self-same books at school;
We gathered flowers in spring-time,
And berries when days were long,
Then nuts in the golden autumn,
With many a shout and song.

We knew the haunts of the flowers,
The robin and yellow bird;
With rapturous hearts of childhood
Their glorious songs we heard.
We climbed the steps to the schoolhouse,—
The old white school on the hill,—
If we slowly went to lessons,
We homeward went with a will.

We coasted and skated in winter
And gloried in snow drifts deep;
In those days we did no wooing
Of the wayward god of sleep.
We lived in an air of freedom
Unknown to the city child,
And Nature taught us her lessons
In her gentle ways or wild.

PLAYMATES.

But those days and years have vanished,
Now hurrying feet go by,
And between the city buildings
We catch a glimpse of the sky;
Yet, sometimes of an evening,
As we talk the old days o'er,
We forget that we are grown-ups
And are playmates as of yore.

LINES SENT WITH A PHOTOGRAPH.

The photographer touched out every line—
He never left one in my face!—
And as I'm not skilled, I can't put them back,
So I add these few lines in their place.

Some day when The Artist of artists shall take
My soul, my true likeness, I pray,
In pity He'll touch out the wrinkles and lines,
As earth's artist has touched them to-day.

OUR SAVING.

'Tis not our creed nor pious preaching
That proves we're good ;
Nor pondering o'er the sacred teaching
Of Him who stood
And talked beside the Sea of Galilee.
'Tis not devoting one day in the seven
To sing God's praise ;
Nor making people think of heaven
In set, planned ways,
That'll be our saving when the soul is free.

'Tis doing little kindly acts,
From day to day ;
Not the distributing of tracts
Along the way,
That'll be our saving when this life is o'er.
A generous heart with words of cheer
For those oppressed ;
Comforting all whom we can here,
That is the best
Each one can do, and God will ask no more.

A RED LETTER RECORD.

When perplexities and doubts
And the worries of the day
Tumble one upon the other,
In a topsy-turvy way ;
When it's hustle here and hurry there,
Keep on the jump and go,
Lest the world should stop revolving,
If you go a little slow,

When the heart feels full of bitterness
At the way man jostles man,
Till you think the term of "Christian"
Doesn't enter in the plan
Of the making of the people
Whom you meet the whole day through,
When your cup seems overflowing
With the wormwood and the rue,

Try a bit at keeping records,
Have a slip of paper near,
As you enter up your troubles,
Enter, too, each word of cheer.
Don't omit the smile that helped you,
Though its mission seemed so brief ;
Nor forget the friendly hand clasp
When your heart was full of grief.

A RED LETTER RECORD.

Nay, say not, "they will not balance,"
Keep your record strictly true,
Every cloud that's black and heavy,
Veils a sky that's clear and blue;
And the wee "Red-Letter Record"
Kept when skies were overcast,
Proves there was a silver lining,
When the bitterness is past.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

Life is worth the living,
When the sky is blue,
Life is worth the living
When it has a sombre hue,
If some one waits your coming
When the day is through,
Life is worth the living
To greet that heart so true.

Life is worth the living
If each day you cheer
Some one faint and weary
Who is battling here,
'Neath a load that's heavy
On a road that's drear.
Life is worth the living
To give that word of cheer.

Life is worth the living
If you'll make it so,
Helping folks to sunshine
You'll forget your woe;
For the warmth of friendship
Keeps the heart aglow,
Then make life worth living
By making sunshine grow.

IN THE TWILIGHT.

Play softly on your violin,
As the twilight shadows fall,
The old-fashioned tunes so soothing,
That will olden times recall.
For to-night I'm very tired
With the worries of the day,
And the quiet simple music
Is more restful than the gay.

"Hush! my dear, lie still and slumber,"
Play as mother used to sing,
When we restless little children
Would to her our sorrows bring.
Play "Sweet Afton" very softly,
And dear mother'll sing it now,
And she sits here close beside me
With her hand upon my brow.

Play no music grand or classic
On this pleasant eventide,
But play gently, little sister,
The sweet hymn, "With Me Abide."
Play it while the day is fading,
And all Nature seemeth blest,
While we thank the heav'nly Father,
For the hour of twilight rest.



"E'en as a child looks up."

LOMBARDY POPLARS.

Like sentinels they stand around the old abandoned
farm
Where guard they keep and watch, a-stir with ev'ry
breath of air,
As if in fear that more harm come to rob the once loved
home,
And ever with their upstretched arms, t'ward light they
reach for strength,
Imploring help to rise above the changing winds of earth,
To gain the height of perfect calm, where winds that
make them fear,
To-day, where duty binds, are stilled in everlasting
peace.
So, we look up and try to penetrate the mists of doubt
And fear, that rise to mar our perfect faith, e'en as a
child
Looks up and tries to fathom space that lies beyond the
stars,
Wherein awaits the calm, the peace and Guiding Hand
that bids
The poplar, man and child look up for never failing help.

"ALL THINGS COME ROUND TO HIM WHO
WILL BUT WAIT."

"All things come round to him who will but wait,"
So said the mother to the child,
Who when refused some longed-for toy
Looked up through tears and sweetly smiled,
Trusting the wisdom of the one
Who for her child knew what was best,
Oh, could we keep our childhood's faith
Indeed, how truly we were blest!

"All things come round to him who will but wait,"
So said the child in after years,
As o'er the folded hands he bowed
And tried to smile through blinding tears.
The mother's lips seemed to repeat;
Take courage, heart so desolate;
In God's good time we'll meet again,
"All things come round to him who'll wait."

WHAT'S THE USE.

What's the use of always fretting
If you're doing the best you can?
Will! the fretful words you're saying
Ever make you a better man?

Is there any use in sighing,
Sorrowing those you ought to cheer?
Will it lift the cloud that's passing
Or your pathway make more clear?

Can you comfort find in pining
For something you cannot attain?
Don't you know there's something waiting
Which you'd really better gain?

What's the use of always mourning
For the loved ones that are dead?
Better care more for the living
And unkind words leave unsaid.

What's the use of always preaching;
Isn't it better on the whole
To teach the good that you are doing
Is the saving of the soul?

WHAT'S THE USE.

What's the use of hours wasting?
Life's too short for vain regret.
He who spends his time repining
All his benefits forget.

He sees not the sun that's shining
On a world that's full of love ;
Doesn't know we have the making
Of heaven on earth, to last above.

THE RHYME OF THE MOVE.

Family on your right
 Feeling very sad,
Family on your left
 Feeling not so bad;
Family down the street,
 Think they can improve,
Bless me! this is pleasant,
 Always on the move.

Packing up the dishes,
 Wrapping them with care;
Cleaning bric-a-brac,
 Dust is everywhere!
Putting books in boxes,
 Taking curtains down;
Everybody wearing
 Just a little frown.

Living on a wagon
 One day in a year,
Is enough to sadden,
 And call forth a tear.
You're so very tired,
 With what you find to do,
Where to put so many things,
 Only wish you knew.

THE RHYME OF THE MOVE.

Up before it's daylight
Tying bedding up;
Taking morning coffee
From a broken cup;
Thinking of the settling
Makes your spirits gay;
Bless me! isn't it pleasant
Every moving day.

Down at the very bottom
Is all you want to find
In a box or barrel,
But you mustn't mind;
If on top are others,
On your settling day,
Do not blame the packer,
Whatever you may say.

By the time you're settled,
Feeling at your ease,
You'll find the house you've taken
Doesn't exactly please;
Try and make it home like,
Never have a fear;
Bless me! there'll be moving
Again another year.

I WONDER WHY.

I often wonder why it is
Tears come when we are glad,
And why it is some pleasantry
Brings smiles when we are sad.

I wonder why so oft we fail
When striving to do right;
And those who do not try to climb
So often reach the height.

I wonder why the days of youth
Seem to go slowly by;
And why it is with each new year
They swifter seem to fly.

I wonder why some lives are bright—
With pleasure overflow—
And why it is that other lives
But sorrow seem to know.

I WONDER WHY.

I wonder why a little word
 So often makes us strong;
And why the mem'ry of a smile
 Will cheer us all day long.

I wonder if our wonderings
 Will be answered by and by,
For, if they are, then we shall know
 Just every reason why.

NO REPLY.

What is a year or what is a day,
When the year or the day has passed away?
A year to live or a moment to die,
We should choose between them without a sigh;
And we choose, oh, yes, the year to live,
At the end of that time can we reason give
Why 'twould not have been better to die?
Ah, me, I listen; there is no reply.

If some one friend would come back and say
That life was night and that death was day;
Come back from the land that is now a dream,
And prove that death was only a gleam
Of sunshine, that to die was to gain,
To meet our loved, to be freed from pain,
The world would be filled with one great cry,
Not for to live, but the moment to die.

GOOD-NIGHT.

“Good-night,” the mother softly says,
And fondly strokes each dimpled hand,
Then asks God’s blessing shall attend
To guard her little sleeping band.

Blue eyes and brown of angels dream,
And smiling show their great delight,
The mother bends and kisses each,
And softly says, “Good-night, good-night.”

“Good-night,” two grown up children say,
And sadly stroke a thin, cold hand;
Then ask that God shall give them strength
To journey to that unknown land.

Blue eyes and brown are sad at heart,
They bend and kiss the brow so white;
The mother sleeps, she does not hear
Them softly say, “Good-night, good-night.”

“Good-night,” we’ll say when Death has come,
Then angels in their home so bright
Will welcome us and softly say,
“Good morning,” for our last good-night.

JOY AND SORROW.

Just a smile, a smile of sadness,—
 One more grief the heart could bear,—
The new cross she took and simply
 Bowed her head in silent prayer.

Just a sob, a sob of gladness,
 And the heart long used to care,
From reaction leaped to silence;
 Joy had answered Sorrow's prayer.

A SUMMER AFTERNOON.

Over the old porch the roses are climbing,
The sweet honeysuckle the lattice peeps through;
Big drowsy humble bees drone at their labor,
The sun has sipped all of the fresh morning dew.
The box and the mint by the gate and by door step
Are adding their fragrance to gladden the day,
While grandfather sits in the porch, just dreaming;
Contentedly idling the hours away.

Under the pine trees the children are playing,
Their laughter makes melody sweet to the ear,
And grandfather smiles and dreams 'mid their number
Is one little face to his memory dear.
Down in the hedge at the end of the driveway,
A yellow throat warbler is singing his praise
And filling the air with thanks to his Maker,
For the beauty and joy of summer-time days.

Gentle soft breezes are stirring the curtains,
The leaves lightly sway on an uppermost bough;
While far away off, the tinkle and tinkle
Is heard from the bell of the old brindled cow.
Dreams of the present, the past and the future,
Oh! happy vacations that end all too soon,
And whether 'tis joy or sorrow shall follow,
Give thanks for a summer day's bright afternoon.



“One little face to his memory dear.”

THE FLOWERS.

The flowers he gave were heliotrope,
And fair moss roses, violets blue;
Some arbor vitae, ivy leaves,
And last of all a sprig of yew.

He gave them as a friend might give,
A friend at parting, flowers rare;
Yet well each knew, the other knew,
The meaning of each flower so fair.

She took them smiling back her thanks,
And for a moment o'er them bent;
But from her manner none might know
She cared for aught the flowers meant.

They had met in life too late to love—
For she was bound by earlier ties—
Still had they met in youthful days,
It might have then been otherwise.

But now too honorable and just
Were both to listen or of love to speak;
The flowers alone the other told,
That human nature oft is weak.

THE FLOWERS.

She to her household duties went,
Her husband bade his friend adieu ;
But why his friend ne'er came again,
One wondered and the other knew.

In doing good he spends his life,
She spends her's freeing home of cares ;
The flowers faded long ago,
And every heart a burden bears.

MORNING AND EVENING.

The world of childhood would have no night,
It would always have endless day;
That is, if the children could make a world
And could have it their own sweet way.
'Tis a wonderful land they dream about,
When the western sky is red,
Where there'd never be any getting up
Nor any going to bed.

But when youth is gone and age comes on,
And our hearts are sore oppressed
By the tides that have cast us back and forth
And given no time for rest,
Then we dream again of another world
Of a world from sorrow free;
Then we long for the night that brings the day
That dawns in eternity.

A LITTLE MONARCH.

Wee Janet, sweet Janet,
Strange a baby may,
In a life of two short years,
Hold such wondrous sway.
Just a dimple or a tear,
Lo! your world bows down,
And your subjects tremble,
If you chance to frown.

Wee Janet, sweet Janet,
Wisdom of the sage,
Cannot win so many hearts
As your smiles engage.
Homes where plenty is or want,
Find that it is true,
Baby is the monarch,
Just the same as you.

Wee Janet, sweet Janet,
May your sceptre be,
Just a bar of human love
And tender sympathy.
Wield it often, wield it well,
As you older grow,
And you'll be a monarch
All will want to know.

A PSALM OF DRESS.

Tell me not, in idle fashion,
Dress is but an empty show!
When misses have for composition
"Dress of twenty years ago."

Dress was plain! And dress was fancy!
But the past is now the place
For the dresses of Aunt Nancy,
With their ribbons, frills and lace.

Not with pleasure, not with sorrow,
Look I on the style that's past;
But I hope that each to-morrow
Finds it better than the last.

Art is long and fashion's changing,
And our hearts are strong and true;
And they're always, ever ranging,
Towards improvement in the new.

In the world's broad field of action,
We are placed to care for life;
Not to dress for mere attraction
But for health to bear the strife.

A PSALM OF DRESS.

Trust no fashion, howe'er tasteful,
If your health will injured be;
Think, dress, live, but be not wasteful,
Of the life God gave to thee.

Lives of "fashion plates" remind us
We must make our lives more grand,
And, departing, leave behind us
More than footprints on the sand.

Dresses—that perhaps another,
Bound by fashion's iron rod—
Like Aunt Nancy's, or some other,
Will be called so very odd.

Let us, then, be up and dressing,
Dress, with room for hearts to beat;
Ever onward, upward pressing,
Pressing forward, no retreat.

EVERARD.

The parting kindergarten song and good-bye had been
said,

“Blue eyes” and “Brown” and “Curly Locks” had started
on ahead,

Then back they came and waited for a manly little man,
And told him, in their childish way, of how they had a
plan,

“We will not go straight home,” they said, “but by some
other way,

And see some men a-building as we did one other day.”
I listened to their pleadings and wondered if they’d fail,
There was no need, I might have known, they’d coax
without avail.

“My mamma says,—‘It is not right to go home any way,
But just directly, as I came,’—and so I shall obey.”

He said no more, but turned and walked the way he came
at morn,

A happy look upon his face, of spiritual goodness born.
Ah, little man, the way was short you had to travel here,
And o’er your resting place the flow’rs have bloomed for
many a year.

The Master needed you to do some trusted work for
Him,

Your eyes behold eternal joy, while ours with tears are
dim.

GREETINGS.

Greetings for you, little men,
To make your lives complete,
Love for Herbert, love for Carl,
Smiles and sunshine sweet.

Rock-a-bye and lullaby,
Songs of birds and butterfly,
Tree tops tall and swaying boughs,
Frisking lambs and lowing cows;
Songs of flowers in the dell,
And more songs than I can tell;
But the sweetest is the one
That shall know no set of sun,
Angels watching from the skies,
Call it "love" in Mamma's eyes.

And this greeting, little men,
Makes all lives complete
Love for Herbert, love for Carl,
Smiles and sunshine sweet.

RUBY'S CHILDREN.

Nestled snugly in the valley
Near a small New England town,
Where old Mt. Tom and Holyoke
Are always frowning down,
Stands a farm house plain and solid,
Built a hundred years ago,
Ev'ry room is large and pleasant,
Though the ceilings all are low.

By the roadside it is standing,
Grand old trees on either side,
To this home in youth and beauty
Ruby came a farmer's bride.
She was young, just barely twenty,
He was twice her age I'm told,
She was lively, sweetly winning,
He was stern and hard and cold.

RUBY'S CHILDREN.

But they truly loved each other
 Shared each other's cares and joys,
And in time around their hearth-stone
 Gathered merry girls and boys.
Ruby loved and taught them wisely,
 Seldom were the children chid,
She had taught them to be trusted,
 Naught about her house was hid.

But one Sabbath a great preacher
 In their neighborhood would preach,
And the parents started early
 Thus the meeting house to reach;
Took with them the older children,
 Left at home two girls, two boys,
Told them as it was the Sabbath,
 Peace should reign instead of noise.

On the top shelf in the pantry
 Cakes of maple sugar stood;
In great buckets, golden corn meal,
 Just to tempt these children good.
Soon they melted up some sugar,
 Stirred it full of golden meal,
"Making yeast cakes," so they called it,
 As they worked with earnest zeal.

RUBY'S CHILDREN.

On the stones along the driveway,
Out they spread the cakes so fine,
Knowing not that after service
The great preacher came to dine.
For 'twas said that Ruby's children
Were the "model" ones in town.
Thus it was to Ruby's household
Came the preachers of renown.

Sticky hands and clothes all corn meal
Stood the children at the gate,
Telling o'er how many yeast cakes
They had made, while thus they wait.
"Model children," thought poor Ruby,
As she saw them standing there,
While the preacher's eyes were merry
As he viewed two guilty pair.

And he praised their cakes and questioned,
"How they mixed and made them round?"
And they listened with deep interest
How the Indian maize was found;
Till the model children's mother
Quite forgot her great dismay,
And the children thought they never
Had before as fine a day.

RUBY'S CHILDREN.

And one of the "model" children,
Who is living now to-day,
In the farmhouse, the old homestead,
If you chance to pass that way,
He will tell you he has listened
To great preachers of renown,
But the greatest was the preacher
Who once sought their little town.

Will relate to you the story,
As I've told it here to you,
While the stones along the driveway
Glist'ning in the morning dew
And Mt. Tom and old Mt. Holyoke
In the sunshine seem to say:
"We remember Ruby's children
And the cakes they made that day."



MADELINE.

MADELINE.

“Ev’wybody’s cross and tired
 ’Iss hot day,
Wiss I was a ’ittle angel
 Any way,
Nen I fink some uzzar angels
 In the sky,
’Ttle ones would play wif me,
 By and by.
Dess I know what I will do,”
 Baby said,
And the ringlets fairly danced
 On her head.
Then I heard her wee feet patter
 Up the stair;
And her baby voice grow fainter
 On the air.
“She has gone to get her dolly.”
 So I said;
And contented for a short time,
 On I read.
Then I missed the baby prattle
 Sweet to hear,
And the stillness everywhere
 Made me fear
Harm had come unto our darling,
 Madeline,

MADELINE.

And I called: "Where are you, baby,
Baby Queen?"
Then the answer came, "Don't bozzer,
Muzzer dear,
I iz talking to the angels,
Wight up here."
Wondering at the baby answer,
And intent
As to what could be the meaning,
Up I went.
Found her perched upon a table
All undressed.
"I iz dwess'd just like an angel,"
She confessed;
And her dimpled hands were holding,
O'er her head
Polished gong that there reflected
All she said.
"See, my angel, muzzer darling,
Talks to me,
It has just come down from heaven,
Do 'oo see?"
"Yes," I said, "the sweetest angel
Ever seen;"
And I kissed and called the angel
Madeline.

A FLIRTATION.

Dimpled arms to shoulders bare,
Cheeks like roses, short light hair,
White mull bonnet tied with strings,
On her finger two wee rings ;
Pink lawn gown so trim and neat,
Reaching to her little feet ;
Sparkling eyes and winsome ways,
Had this little maid, I praise ;
Nay, I can't describe her half
With her jolly little laugh.
What her name, I cannot say,
Met her on the train one day,—
On the last train out from town,—
Wide awake, her eyes of brown ;
O'er the high-back seat she smiled
And my very heart beguiled,
When we parted—asked a kiss,
Did this dainty little miss ;
And she said :—"I dess love you,"
She was three, I twenty-two.
My ! I wonder would she say
The same words to me to-day,
Could I find her she would be—
No !—that tells my age, you see ;
She would be—my sweetheart true
Who once said, "I dess love you."

A MODERN PEGASUS.

There is no need in days like these
For winged steeds,
The modern Pegasus can mount
To noble deeds
Without those wondrous structures called
A pair of wings ;—
Such articles in these bright days
Are useless things.

Then ho ! for the calico pony,
And hey ! for Archie's steed,
And hurrah ! for the elevator
That supplied the pony's need.

This is the story I would tell
Of a small lad,
Who has a pony that can make
His boy-heart glad ;
But, Archie had been ill and so
He had to stay
Up on the third floor, in his room,
Both night and day.

A MODERN PEGASUS.

Now, Archie lives in Washington
 In the White House,
And when a boy is sick things seem
 Still as a mouse,
No matter if the city's big
 And busy, too,
It is a lonesome place if one
 Has naught to do

But just to wait and wait and wait,
 The live long day,
For mumps, or measles or such things
 To go away.
This is about what Archie did
 Up in his room,
Till he was better and could see
 The faithful groom.

And then, oh, wonders to relate,
 The pony took
The elevator in his flight
 And earth forsook,
And mounted to the sick boy's room
 And so became,
A modern Pegasus and a steed
 Of White House fame.

A MODERN PEGASUS.

There is no doubt that Pegasus
Of olden time,
Was often weary in his flight
From clime to clime,
And wished that he might upward soar
Above earth's clay,
By some such means as Archie's steed
This later day.

Then ho! for the calico pony,
And hey! for pony's groom,
Hurrah! for a modern Pegasus
And his flight to Archie's room.

A VALENTINE.

Dear little maid, sweet Katharine,
Oh, be my sweetheart true ;
And let me be your Valentine,
For aye your whole life through.

If clouds appear, with words of cheer,
I'll send them far away ;
And make your life as bright and clear
As a perfect June-time day.

Dear little maid, sweet little maid,
Just wear this knot of blue ;
Or else, dear maid, I am afraid
My heart will break in two.

Dear little maid, sweet Katharine,
Oh, be my sweetheart true ;
And let me be your Valentine,
For aye your whole life through.

MISS MUFFIT REVISED.

“Little Miss Muffit
Sat on a tuffit
 Eating a curd and whey”;
But we’re not Miss Muffit,
Nor sit on a tuffit,
 And we call it “junket” to-day.

“There came a big spider,
And sat down beside her,
 And frightened Miss Muffit away”;
Our spiders are care,
Worry, grief and despair,
 That enter our lives each day.

To last for all time,
In reverse of the rhyme,
 A lesson we’ll learn to-day;
To laugh at despair,
And worry and care,
 And frighten such spiders away.

THE OLD YEAR.

Dying, Old Year, thou art dying,
Thy sun it has almost set;
The joy thou hast brought and the sorrow,
How can we either forget.

The promises made at thy coming
Lie broken now at thy feet;
Shall we make them all o'er on the morrow,
To break ere next year's retreat?

From each some loved thou hast taken,
Where kept we never have learned;
To them it is said we shall journey,
To us they've never returned.

We all seek an El Dorado,
For gold, ambition or love;
Its capital city Manoa,
Seems always beyond or above.

THE OLD YEAR.

Just out of reach, yet forward,
We press with each cycle of time ;
And learn, Old Year, at thy dying,
That land's farther off as we climb.

Dying, Old Year, thou art dying,
And often for thee shall we grieve ;
Still, to-morrow with joy and with laughter,
Another New Year we receive.







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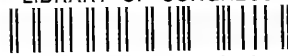
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